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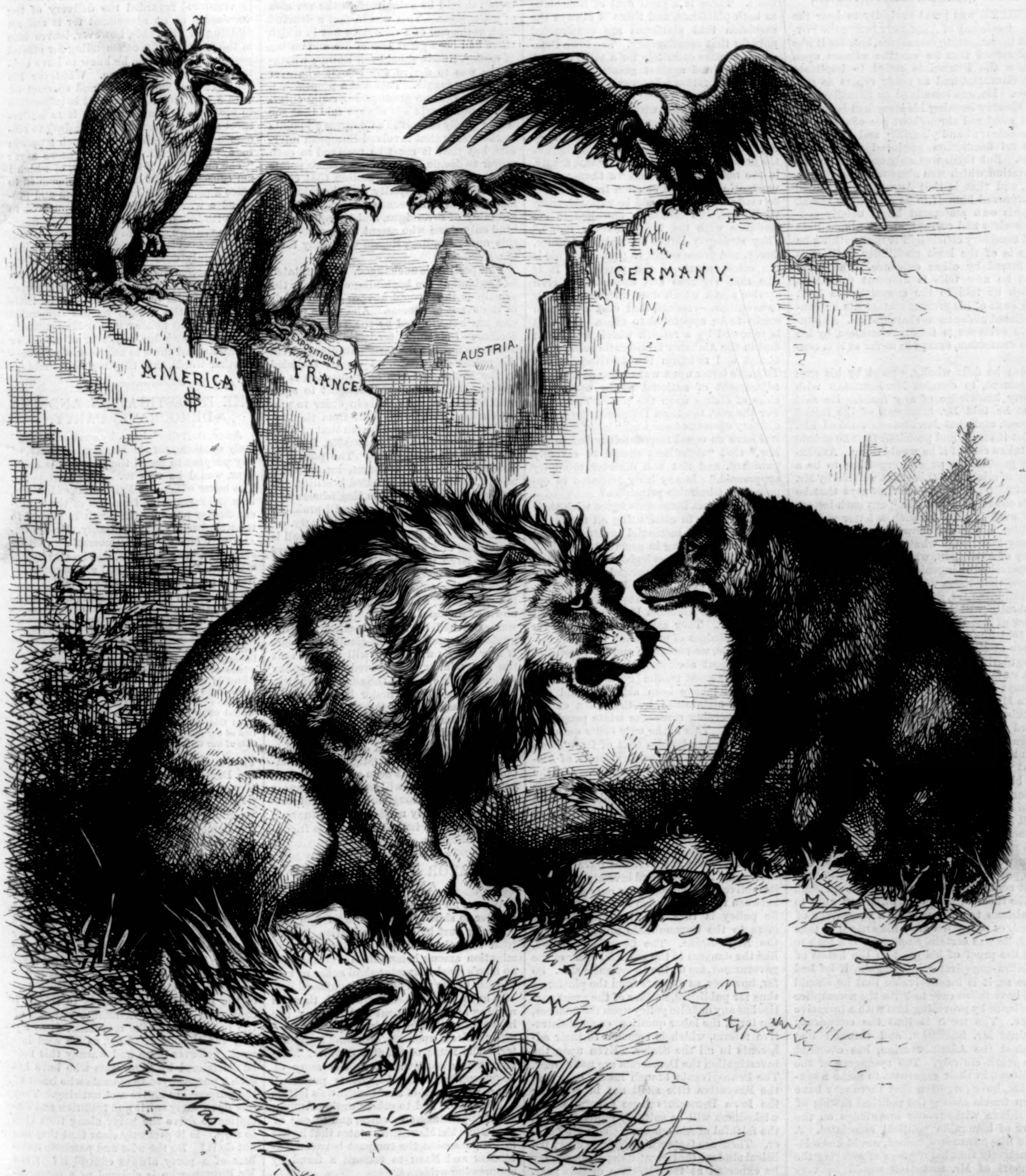
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THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

"Let's be friends, and prevent those 'Eagles' from having a good time at our expense."—A Fable.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, June 22, 1878.

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LIES *VERSUS* CHARACTER.

THERE was great curiosity to hear the testimony of Anderson before the Potter investigating committee, because it was understood that he was the witness upon whom the Democrats relied to implicate Mr. Sherman, and as many others as possible. He was examined on Saturday, and by Monday evening his story had been read and pondered throughout the country. It was coherent and plausible, and there were several documents produced which were new. But there was only one fact in the narration which was absolutely incontestable, and that is that Anderson confessed and proved himself to be a precious rascal. By his own statement he is utterly conscienceless and corrupt, and the immediate and necessary conclusion is that nothing he says is of the least credibility until it is confirmed by other evidence. The story that he now tells is different from that which he told to the committee in 1877, and some of his present statements he contradicted under cross-examination. Anderson's evidence is totally worthless, by his own confession, except in so far as it is confirmed.

But he fails wholly, except by his own statement, to connect Mr. Sherman with guilty knowledge of any fraud. He said that he told Mr. Sherman of the forged protest, and that Mr. Sherman asked him to let it stand, and promised that he should be taken care of if he would do so. Anderson produced a paper purporting to be a copy of a letter to this effect written by Mr. Sherman. But Mr. Sherman says that he does not remember writing any such letter; and even if there be such a letter written by him, it does not show guilty knowledge, or any knowledge whatever, of fraud. The story of Anderson, which has been long in preparation, is ingeniously devised. It assumes that those who read it will take its truthfulness for granted, and that people generally will believe that Mr. Sherman knew of fraud because Anderson says that he told him. Now, we repeat, all the evidence of Mr. Sherman's knowledge of any irregularity whatever is Anderson's worthless statement, and the copy of a letter which he says Mr. Sherman wrote. But not only does Mr. Sherman say that he does not remember to have written it, but there is no word in the letter that necessarily implies knowledge of fraud. The result, then, of Anderson's testimony upon this point is that we are asked to believe a public man of hitherto unsullied character to be a scoundrel solely upon the word of a man who confesses that he is a liar.

It is not worth while to enter upon an argument to show that a man of the position, the sagacity, and the caution of Mr. Sherman would not deliberately put himself in the power of an unknown person who had just confessed to him that he was a rascal. If the theory be that Mr. Sherman went to Louisiana to take part in a conspiracy of fraud, or consented after his arrival to take part, he was certainly too shrewd a man to put the proof of his guilt in the hands of a fellow-conspirator. Or, again, if he had done so, it is inconceivable that he should not have taken care to bribe the accomplice to silence by providing him with a lucrative place. The truth is that the conspiracy against Mr. Sherman, and through him against the Administration, has overshot the mark entirely. The managers of the business, in their eagerness to make a sensation, have forgotten that there may have been frauds among the political rascals of Louisiana without any knowledge on the part of honorable political associates. A man like Anderson, indeed, would know instinctively that his chances of securing the support of Mr. Sherman would be very much greater if he concealed his own knavery, and represented himself as a victim. He would naturally and justly feel that, however warmly interested Mr. Sherman might be in Republican success, he would not be likely to resort to criminal practices to secure it. The eager managers have been altogether too eager. Had they confined their inquiry to the supposed perpetrators of the alleged frauds, without attempting to involve the Administration in guilty knowledge, they would have displayed more discretion. Their course thus far has shown that their object is not so much exposure of fraud as injury to the Administration, and they are signally foiled by their first important witness. No man who read carefully the Louisiana evidence and documents of 1876-77 can have received any new impression in regard to fraud from Anderson's story, except that the truth is not likely to be discovered by the aid of self-confessed liars.

"PETERING OUT."

The Democrats of Iowa and of Alabama have adopted platforms, and it is interesting to see what they say upon public questions. There is a great deal of Buncombe in both platforms, and there is always the suspicion that platforms are constructed only for that constituency. The Iowa Democrats declare definitely for a tariff for revenue only, and against granting subsidies to any corporation whatever. They demand the unconditional repeal of the Resumption Act, oppose further withdrawal of United States notes, and favor the substitution of Treasury notes for national bank bills. They require the national government to improve the great Western rivers. They say, finally, in the noblest strain, that "a thorough investigation into the election frauds should be made. Frauds should be exposed, truth vindicated, and criminals punished in accordance with the law, wherever found." They strangely forgot to add that grace, mercy, and peace ought to prevail. This is the comic plank of the platform. It is like that vigorous and conservative civil service plank which does duty in so many Conventions—*resolved*, that only good men ought to be appointed to office. But this is followed by a remark which we do not find in the Alabama Democratic code: "We accept and re-affirm the doctrines of Mr. Tilden's letter upon war claims as a proper adjustment of national policy upon that class of claims upon the public Treasury." For the rest, the Iowa Democrats go to the country upon the issue that "labor and capital have an equal responsibility before the law," that "defaulters should be severely punished, and riot and disorder promptly suppressed." Is any body prepared to oppose such admirable principles?

The Alabama Democrats agree with their Iowa brethren in attributing all the financial distress and industrial prostration and misery and suffering in general to the profligacy, fraud, and class legislation of the Republicans, who are denounced as unworthy the support of a free and honest people. Having set forth this great principle of public policy, the Alabama Democrats proceed to another. They say that "while we renew the pledges of protection to all the colored people, we recognize and hold essential that, without abridging the rights of any class, these great results [good-will and reconciliation] have been achieved, and can alone be maintained, by the union of the great governing race—the white people of the land." This is the only other question of public policy besides that of Republican profligacy to which the Democrats of Alabama think it necessary to allude. And the casual observer of our politics might perhaps infer from these two manifestoes that platforms were "running lees," or "petering out."

A glance at the platforms of this year will undoubtedly show, as these do, and as those of Pennsylvania and Vermont have shown, that, apart from the fraud investigation and its motives and purposes, the only difference between the parties upon any point of public policy is that the Democrats pander more to the Communistic sentiment than the Republicans. The financial dangers, like the dangers to the peaceful order of the government, are on the Democratic side. So far, however, as appears from the platforms thus far published, neither of the great parties has any definite policy upon the finances, the tariff, the labor question, or administrative reform, which is common to their adherents in all the States. Even upon the investigation the Democrats are not agreed. The Pennsylvania branch insists only that the Executive title shall not be assailed; the Iowa Democrats hope generally that wickedness will be suitably punished; and the faithful of Alabama are silent altogether. These are facts which apprise every political student that great independence may be expected at the elections of this year. The managers of the National party have a positive and eager sentiment behind them, and it is tolerably plain that the old parties mean to rely mainly upon party allegiance. The old leaders ought to see, therefore, the great necessity of nominating candidates who can stand upon their personal merit. In New York, at least, the division within each party is as pronounced as that between the parties; and it is fortunate that the situation dictates nominations which shall command support upon other grounds than "regularity."

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

The Congress of Berlin, or however it may be called, meets on the 13th of June, and its assembling may be regarded as an earnest that there will be no war. This result is mainly due to the good sense and humanity of the Czar of Russia, who could very easily have insisted upon an offensive interpretation of the propositions that his Government had made. This interpretation, however, as we have constantly pointed out, has never been necessary. After the Treaty of San Stefano was signed, England virtually demanded that the whole treaty should be submitted to the revision of a Congress. This was in fact a demand that, at the end of a victorious war in which there had been great loss of life and outlay of money, Russia should ask Europe whether she was to derive any benefit whatever from the struggle. This was a proposition, of course, that no great power could entertain. But Russia has always said that she would gladly submit to a Congress all points in the treaty that involved European interests, but that it must be reserved to each power to decide for itself what those points were. This was not a question that could be decided by a majority and the minority made to conform, because a Congress is an assembly of sovereigns, and its conclusions bind only those who assent to them. With this understanding, Russia was ready for a Congress.

This position is unchanged. Russia stated to England at the beginning of the war the principles that would govern her demands in the event of success. And those principles are not violated by the Treaty of San Stefano. Indemnity, territorial acquisition, and some form of Bulgarian autonomy were the points mentioned. They are included in the treaty, and the only question is of degree. Russia may well consent to some modification of the details in order to prevent a desolating war. But from the first her position, as compared with that of England, has been frank, reasonable, friendly, and most ably presented. The policy of England has been tortuous, inconsistent, and of an almost unconcealed hostility. It has been one of which no Englishman can be proud, and yet the result will probably benefit the ministry and the Tory party.

The reason of this is plain. John Bull is something of a bully, and there has always been a large party in England that complained of "Manchester statesmanship" as a shop-keeping policy of peace at any price, in maintaining which the ancient plucky renown of England was lost. Gladstone, it was said, had no foreign policy, and degraded the prestige of England in Europe. If now war is avoided, it will be said that the Tory ministry has proved that a policy of heroic risk of war is the surest guarantee against it, and that under Beaconsfield England has at once recovered her prestige and kept the peace. Should the peace be kept, this will be undoubtedly a cry very agreeable to the pride of John Bull, and it will save, at least, the prestige of Lord Beaconsfield, which has been seriously endangered. But the fact will remain, and appear in history, that throughout the contest Russia has been really master of the situation, and has made an important advance friendly to civilization.

SENATOR MATTHEWS AND ANDERSON.

We see no disposition in any Republican quarter to shield any Republican who may be really hurt by the investigation, but we trust that there will be a universal determination among honorable Americans that no man's good character shall suffer merely because of the assertions of a confessed liar. We have shown elsewhere that there is nothing in the statement of Anderson, nor in the letter that he produced, which necessarily reflects upon Mr. Sherman's character. The name of Senator Stanley Matthews is also involved in the story of Anderson and the documents produced. There are several of Mr. Matthews's letters to Anderson, and to others urging Anderson's appointment to office, and in one of the letters Mr. Matthews states that he has in his possession the compact between Anderson and Nash to commit a fraud by suppressing evidence.

Senator Matthews has made an explanation in the Senate, and has asked for a committee to inquire thoroughly into the facts. His explanation, however, is his version of the affair. He denies that he was cognizant of any fraud whatever, that he made any promise to secure rewards for such alleged frauds, or that he sought an appointment for Anderson with any knowledge or belief that he had committed frauds, or that any promise of reward had been made to him. As against any evidence yet offered, the word of Senator Matthews is conclusive upon this point. He explains his interest in the appointment of Anderson by his conviction that at the risk of life, and the loss of time and money, Anderson had honestly done his duty, and thereby earned the hatred of his political opponents. This is a reasonable and probable explanation. It is not reasonable and probable that Stanley Matthews sought to conceal a crime and bribe the criminal to silence.

Upon the difficult point of receiving and holding the compact of crime between Anderson and Nash, Mr. Matthews's explanation is less satisfactory. He says that he understood Anderson to have weakly and untruly confessed his guilt, and that he (Matthews) regarded the delivery of the documents as an atonement for it and an undoing of it. This, however, leaves him in the position of recommending for official position a man whom he knew to have contemplated a great crime. Whatever his conviction of the motives and conduct of such a man may have been, it is impossible to see how he could reconcile it to self-respect and a high sense of public duty to recommend the appointment of such a person to a public trust. Mr. Matthews says: "The only error, if there be one, of which I am conscious, is in having recommended to office a person who had meditated and prepared a wrong, but had, as it appeared to me, withdrawn from performing it." Senator Matthews seems to doubt whether such an act was even an error. This is amazing. It certainly does not prove guilty knowledge of accomplished frauds, but it shows a startling want of judgment, and of a proper sense of official duty. There can be little doubt that the inquiry he has demanded will show that neither he nor Mr. Sherman had any knowledge whatever of frauds, or countenanced them in any way whatever—in other words, that they are not criminals.

THE INVESTIGATION AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

A distinct disclaimer, by some authorized body speaking for the Democratic party, of any purpose to assail the title of the President, would be very useful for that party. The letter of Senator M'Donald, of Indiana, to a Representative from one of the Southern States presents the truth in regard to the title forcibly and admirably. Mr. M'Donald was one of the Democratic "visiting statesmen" to Louisiana, and he stoutly declares his faith in the fraud and conspiracy, but he says at the end of his letter:

> "The electoral count, acquiesced in by the Senate and House of Representatives until the solemn declaration of the Constitution was announced, has rendered the title of the present incumbent of the Presidential office as unassailable legally as any of his predecessors, and he can only be legally deprived of it by impeachment under the Constitution for impeachable crimes within the meaning of the Constitution committed by him; and in my opinion it is well for the peace of the country that it is so, for we can better endure the evils arising from the presence in the Presidential office of one who has been placed there by fraud than we can afford to unsettle the administration of our public affairs by a constant strife over the title of our Chief Magistrate."

This is excellent, and if the Senator were the Democratic party, it would be conclusive. That such opinions are held and frankly avowed by leading Democrats is, we gladly acknowledge, re-assuring; and if the Democratic Representatives, in moving their resolution, had ordered a general inquiry, and had made a simple and unmistakable declaration like that of Senator M'Donald, they would have been very much wiser.

But a political party, like a man, can not both have its cake and eat its cake. It has chosen to open an investigation which for any other purpose than that of attacking the title is entirely unnecessary, and it must take all the consequences. The first consequence is the challenge to know the object of the movement. The reply to this is a confession that the deliberate purpose of the instigators of the movement is to unseat the President. Now, as we said last week, however often and warmly this may be disclaimed by Democrats who have not such a purpose, yet Democrats who boast of the purpose are active and untiring. They rely upon party spirit and tradition and discipline to drive the party along from step to step. Is it perfectly clear that they can not do it? Do the wise and patriotic members of a party always control it? Even Mr. Potter, who is claimed as a conservative, admits in his letter that Congress may take some action upon the subject. Mr. Potter represents the intelligence of his party as much as Senator M'Donald. But

Mr. Potter carefully refrains from saying in his letter, as Mr. M'Donald says, that the President's title is legally as unassailable as that of any of his predecessors.

The inevitable conclusion is that the one way of certainly preventing the danger of prolonged disturbance and excitement and attack upon the title is to prevent Democratic ascendency in the next House. The real objection to the investigation, which intelligent Democrats should have perceived, is not only its partiality, but its total uselessness, if nothing more than the discovery and exposure of fraud was proposed. No sensible Democrat would seriously assert that it is necessary to show how certain alleged frauds were committed in order to provide legislation against fraud. All that Congress can do is to enact some general law, like that proposed by Mr. Edmunds, under which the States, and not Congress, can investigate and adjust electoral wrongs. Moreover, the facts in the present instance were thoroughly investigated at the time. The only change is that some persons who were not believed then now confess that they lied. But such a confession does not bring the truth nearer. There were those who were very ready to declare, on the day after Anderson told his story, that it was a justification of the inquiry. The day after that Anderson owned that he was a liar. The Democratic party have not put forth even a plausible pretext for beginning a movement whose logical result is revolution. Some of its leaders may declare that they do not mean revolution; others declare that they do. It is for the country to decide in the autumnal elections whether it is wise to take the risk.

It was as evident when Montgomery Blair began the movement in Maryland as it is now that the original conspirators can succeed only by revolution. Although fraud and violence should be confessed and discovered in every State, the decision of the Electoral Commission, having been accepted by the Congress authorized to act, stands constitutionally fast against the attempt of any other Congress to disturb it. To question the title, to attempt to disturb it or invalidate it in any way whatever, is upon the part of Congress an act of naked revolution. This is the fact, which every intelligent person now plainly sees. But the movement necessarily leads to some kind of action by Congress. If public opinion is firm and peremptory, that action will be confined to a statement that, whatever the conclusions of the investigation, it is illegal and impolitic to proceed further. But if there be any acquiescence, or relaxation of the public hostility to assailing the title, the attempt will be made.

TIMELY WORDS.

The words of the President at Gettysburg on Decoration-day were such as became the Chief Magistrate, and may be well pondered by all good citizens:

> "The great martyr of the conflict was Abraham Lincoln. He, by his immortal words, spoken here, has indissolubly linked his name, fame, and memory with the battle of Gettysburg. Lincoln gave his life, and the brave men who responded to his call gave their lives, for the Union, for liberty, and for a stable constitutional government. They believed that our institutions were equal to any emergency, and that they ought to be maintained at the cost of property or of life. If our assembling in this place shall fitly honor the men we now wish remembered with gratitude, it will be because, beholding these scenes, and contemplating the example of the heroes who made Gettysburg illustrious, we shall be able to estimate more wisely the value of our country and of her institutions, and be better prepared for the duties which, under Providence, have devolved upon us."

A stable constitutional government is the citadel of liberty, and it will be defended to the last by patriotic Americans. It is unfortunate for the Democratic party that it should have raised the question. The other significant speech on Decoration-day was that of General Sherman, in New York. As the speech of the military commander of the army it was exceedingly interesting. General Sherman is a man who holds opinions strongly and expresses them warmly. He paid a generous tribute to the soldiers of the war for the Union and to their cause, repeating, amid great applause, the words of General Grant in a recent letter, that the soldiers will never apologize for the deeds of those four years.

General Sherman then satirized the belligerent non-combatants who carry on the war after the soldiers have laid down their arms, and his words were very forcible:

> "Though the head of an army, I publicly proclaim our profession to be to 'prevent war,' and claim that my predecessors in office—Washington, Scott, and Grant [cheering]—were essentially men of peace, who saved our country from many wars into which public clamor tried to push them. I now hope and beg that all good men South and North will unite in real earnest to repair the mistakes and wrongs of the past; will persevere in the common effort to make this great land of ours to blossom as the Garden of Eden; will so unite in effort that every part of it from Maine to Texas, from Florida to Puget Sound, will be made so safe to life and property that men may engage safely in every possible pursuit, whether of farming, mining, ranching, in navigation inland and upon the high seas, in every variety of mercantile and mechanical pursuit, each one to reap the full measure of his own industry and sagacity without envy of his neighbor. Surely this is a field worthy the ambition of the proudest and most intellectual statesman. I know of my own personal knowledge that there is abundance of room and opportunity for every honest man in it, for his children and his children's children for centuries to come, and could speak all night on so tempting a subject; but I must not detain you longer, and will close by invoking all within the hearing of my voice to heed well the lessons of this Decoration-day, to weave each year a fresh garland for the grave of some beloved comrade or favorite hero, and to rebuke any and all who talk of civil war save as the last 'dread tribunal of kings and of peoples.'"

The general corrected the misstatement of his speech last year. It has been said that at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce he declared that without the army the nation would become a mob. What he did say, and what he repeated, was that the national army and navy are to be used in certain constitutional cases to keep the peace of a State.

> "The event spoken of by me as hypothetical actually occurred very soon thereafter, and the very men who denounced me were of the class who called loudest for help. [Laughter.] The army responded quietly, lawfully, effectually, and the danger soon passed, though in some quarters lives were taken and property destroyed by fire and violence. Some of these men would now, when there is no seeming danger, assume the tone apologetic, because they want the votes of the law-breakers; but I thank God that behind this class of men we have in our country the vast mass of good citizens who love liberty and justice, who in ordinary times are too busy in their own plans and industries to heed the machinations of this pestiferous few, but, like that majestic force which rose in terrible earnest the moment the boom of the gun at Charleston was heard in 1861, will again, I believe, come forth to furnish all the men and all the muskets required to suppress any sort of violence which may be attempted in this land of law. [Great cheering.] Be steadfast, therefore, my countrymen! Be not too easily or too hastily alarmed; but bear in mind that vigilance is the price of liberty, and courage the prime essential of justice. The armies that were disbanded in 1865 still live in the spirit, and these will never, in my judgment, permit this government to drift into anarchy." (Prolonged applause.)

These are seasonable words wisely spoken, and they may be profitably weighed by those who declaim against an army of twenty-five thousand men as a peril among forty millions of people, hundreds of thousands of whom are trained soldiers.

SOCIALISM AND ASSASSINATION.

The attempted assassination of the Emperor of Germany by a socialist agitator proves to have been the result of a conspiracy in which the lot fell to Nobiling. This form of conspiracy is an old and familiar fact in the history of European politics, and there is nothing peculiar in the present attempt, except that Socialistic doctrines are now more generally diffused. It is the reproach of an enlightened age that the old conflict of classes has not been alleviated by a more careful instruction in social economy on all sides. Nobiling is said to have been both an intelligent and a cultivated man. It is inconceivable that he should not have known that if he had shot the Emperor dead, nothing advantageous to the assassin's cause would have been secured. The only effect of such attacks is to arouse and alarm the truly conservative instinct in society, and to confound the reasonable demands of honest working-men with the madness of murderers and anarchy.

There are fears of Communism in Germany and in this country, but in France, which was supposed to be honey-combed with the Communistic theories, it is dying out. Communism showed itself in 1871 as much the foe of human nature and society as the terror of '93, and there has been nothing from France recently more curiously interesting than a report of the French Working-men's Congress. It was a representation of the interests of labor by laboring-men, and the striking fact was that they disavowed Communism upon the true grounds, and repudiated force as a method of action. They held that the condition of labor is radically wrong, but they did not want state interference. They had the good sense to see that such an appeal is recourse to the worst despotism. It is in the direction pursued by this Congress and in its spirit that hope and promise lie. It is not the Socialism that takes to assassination, nor a Communism which necessarily paralyzes industry and annihilates wealth, that offers any solution of the industrial question. As thus presented, they are a mere challenge and defiance to organized society, which will always be strong enough to suppress them at whatever cost.

The mischief wrought by the name of Communism as applied to the legitimate interests of labor in this country is very great. The honorable working-man is no more a Communist than he is a Hottentot. He represents one of the factors in the great problem of capital and labor—a problem which must more and more command intelligent attention and action. The first condition of such a result, however, is mutual good understanding. Of course this can not be attained without discussion and concession. Thus in England, where the strikes in Lancashire have led to terrible riots, in which the mills and houses of manufacturers have been destroyed, although there is of course but one determination, that the rioters and incendiaries shall be rigorously punished, yet the most intelligent journals do not hesitate to say that the offer of the hands was a fair compromise. This is a very different tone from that of the troubles of sixty years since.

REPUBLICAN INDIANA.

The Republican Convention of New York last year declined to declare the title of the President unassailable or to commend his patriotism and fidelity. This was done under the leadership of Mr. Conkling, the Republican Senator, who absented himself from the Senate when the vote was taken upon sustaining the decision of the Electoral Commission in regard to Louisiana. This year the Republican Convention of Indiana has just spoken for the best and truest Republican sentiment of the country, which does not believe the President to be infamous, nor treacherous to his duty or his country or his party. This is the voice of Republican Indiana by the unanimous vote of the Convention:

> "The Electoral Commission was constitutionally created by act and consent of the Democratic party in Congress, and its decision, subsequently confirmed by Congress, was final and conclusive upon every department of this government. There can be no appeal from it except by revolution. Its decision makes the title of President Hayes equal to that of any former President, and we recognize in his personal integrity, as well as in the general course of his administration, the guarantee that he will conduct the government so as to preserve the honor and promote the happiness of the whole country. We solemnly pledge ourselves to support and maintain President Hayes and the lawfully constituted authorities of the government in resisting revolution."

PERSONAL.

John Bright and Lord Beaconsfield are having an occasional tilt at each other in public meetings, much to the amusement of the British public, though a little damaging to each other. Recently Mr. Bright had a sneer at the Premier on account of his Jewish descent, forgetting that his great-grandfather married a Jewess named Martha Jacobs. Concerning Jews and Quakers William Cobbett once said, "If you were to lock together four-and-twenty Jews and four-and-twenty Quakers, and leave them without food and alone for forty-eight hours, you would find at the end of that time that the four-and-twenty Jews had eaten the four-and-twenty Quakers."

—Hard times never have made and never will make any stop to the flow of beneficence. A few days since one of the finest churches in Brooklyn (St. Ann's), having for a rector one of the most estimable and eloquent men in the North—Dr. Noah Hunt Schenck—received the munificent donation of $70,000 from one of its most generous of vestry-men, Mr. Robert Fulton Cutting, Mr. Cutting making at the same time a condition to his gift that showed the kindness of his heart, the clearness of his head, and the soundness of his churchmanship; it was, first, that the balance required to pay the whole church debt should be raised within thirty days, and thenceforth that St. Ann's should be a free church, its pews open to every one. Mr. Cutting is a young gentleman of culture and position, a successful banker, and a few years since married a daughter—since deceased—of the Rev. Dr. Schenck. His munificent gift is a beautiful memorial to the piety and virtues of her who has gone.

—Professor Simon Newcomb, of Washington, the Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, and author of *Popular Astronomy*, published by Harper & Brothers, has been made the recipient of a distinguished honor. The Huyghens Medal of the Society of Science, at Haarlem, Holland, awarded once in twenty years to the astronomer who has during that time contributed the most to science by his discoveries and investigations, has been unanimously awarded to him.

—General Simon Cameron has been copiously interviewed at his farm near Harrisburg. Many incidents in his private and public career are given that are interesting, as showing how native ability, persistence, and pluck are sure to win in the struggle for ascendency in any walk of life. The sketch closes by the general's allusion to his son, the present Senator: "My son is there [in the Senate], and, strange as it may seem to most people, I had nothing to do with introducing him to public position. Indeed, I knew nothing of his appointment to the War Department until after it had been made. The night before his name was sent to the Senate I had dined with President Grant, but he told me not one word of what he intended to do. The next day, however, as I was sitting quietly in my place in the Senate, one of the President's sons came over to me, and said, laughing, 'I suppose the appointment that has just been sent in is satisfactory to you, Mr. Cameron.' 'What appointment?' I asked, somewhat surprised. And then he told me that my son had been named for the War Department. That was really the first word I had heard about the matter, and yet at the time I suppose most people thought that I had asked for the appointment."

—Mr. Bryant's first copyright contract did not result in bringing many louis-d'ors into his pocket. Not long since a gentleman gave five dollars for a copy of the first edition, and took it to the venerable poet, asking him to write his autograph therein. Mr. Bryant complied, saying, "Five dollars is more than I received on that whole edition."

—It is seldom that a newspaper man is so fortunate as the co-editor and co-proprietor of the Manchester (England) *Examiner*. He is the author of the article on the "Crown and Constitution" in the last *Quarterly Review*. Some months ago he received an offer of $20,000 a year to join the editorial staff of the London *Times*, and at about the same time $22,000 by the London *News* on the same terms. The owners of the *Examiner*, however, offered him an equal partnership in that paper, which yields him $80,000 a year and independence. Ten years ago in the United States $10,000 a year was an unknown salary for an editorial writer. Now there are several who are paid that sum and upward.

—Major M'Donald, Chief Clerk of the United States Senate, who died on the 5th inst., had been forty-two years continuously in service in the Senate, entering as a page forty-eight years ago. His father, John G. M'Donald, was the first Chief Clerk of the Senate, having been appointed in 1800 by Samuel Otis, the first Secretary of the Senate. The father and son held the office seventy-eight years. Major M'Donald has a son, one of his subordinates, who may hereafter fill the place so long occupied by his father. Major M'Donald was one of the most interesting men in Washington. His social position was exceptionally good. At the dinner parties of Senators, Representatives, members of the cabinet, and others he was always a welcome guest—indeed, a much-sought guest; for not only was he a gentleman of culture and of very gracious and winning manners, but a delightful *raconteur*, whose reminiscences of distinguished public men are scarcely surpassed by those of any living American, and whose sense of humor as well as fund of anecdote was quite remarkable. Many of his anecdotes have been reproduced in the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine*. It will be long, in the very nature of things, before another such character can again be seen at the national capital.

—Minister Welsh was one of the prominent guests at the recent opening of Keble College, at Oxford, and made one of the best speeches at the luncheon that followed, at which Earl Beauchamp presided. It was in admirable taste, and met, as it deserved to meet, the heartiest applause. In reply to a call from Earl Beauchamp, Mr. Welsh said: "The visitors had much to remember and much to be thankful for, if for nothing else than the instances of benevolence which had been announced to them, and which had taken such a magnificent form. They were enough to impress upon the mind feelings of gratitude for the example set and the great lesson taught, and he trusted they would have a due effect upon the young friends whom he saw standing around him in such thick array and just about to enter life. [Cheers.] Keble thought that existence was not an empty bubble, but a responsible thing, carrying with it from infancy to the grave obligations which, if performed, led to glory, and which, if neglected, brought ignominy and distress. It was a wonderful fact that in this great country a man from a comparatively obscure sphere, and from a small parish, might become, even to persons residing at the distance of the United States, as familiar as their next-door neighbor. [Cheers.] To that distant land, which he was glad and proud to claim as his home, that humble man had sent his holy song into almost every household, and many there were who, rising with the sun, took strength with his song, and, lying down at night, derived consolation from the thoughts he had implanted in their minds." (Cheers.)

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Senate, on the 31st ult., passed the Legislative Appropriation Bill, and the House appropriated $20,000 for the expenses of the Potter investigating committee.—On the 1st inst. the Senate passed the House resolution to adjourn on the 17th inst. The Senate also agreed to the concurrent resolution approving of the recommendations of the Committee on Foreign Relations in regard to the Halifax Fisheries Award. The Potter investigating committee began its sessions on the 1st.—On the 3d, the Senate adopted a resolution calling for all the correspondence with the British government touching invitations to other maritime powers to accede to the three rules to be observed by neutrals, as set forth in the Washington Treaty. The Senate, on the 4th, continued the select committee on Mexican affairs, and authorized it to sit during the recess. The Senate insisted on its amendments to the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Bill, and asked for a conference. The House passed Mr. Cox's bill to reorganize the Life-saving Service.—On the 5th, the Senate passed the Post Route Bill, with amendments granting the Brazilian subsidy and reviving the franking privilege. The Senate agreed to the conference committee's report on the Pension Bill, with the section vacating pension agencies stricken out. Senator Stanley Matthews requested that a special committee of seven be appointed to investigate his connection with the alleged frauds in the Louisiana count. The House struck out the enacting clause of the Wood Tariff Bill, by 134 to 120.—The Senate, on the 6th, voted to restore the army to 25,000. The House passed an amendment to the Internal Revenue Bill reducing the tax on tobacco to sixteen cents a pound.

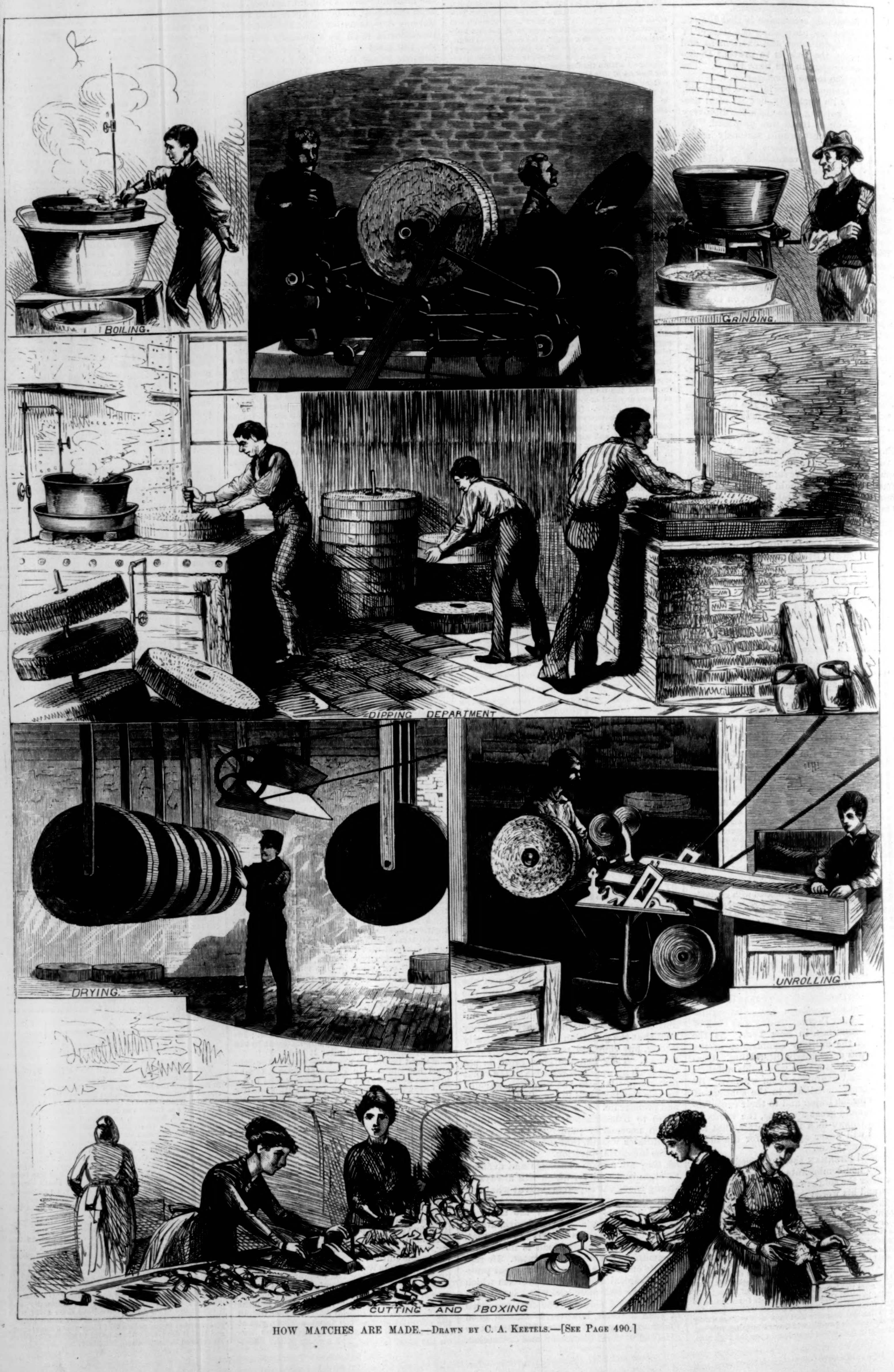
A terrific cyclone struck the city of Richmond, Missouri, on the 1st inst. Nearly one hundred persons were killed and wounded, and many buildings were destroyed.

The Indiana Republican State Convention met at Indianapolis on the 5th, nominated a State ticket, and indorsed President Hayes. The Maine Greenbackers, on the same day, nominated Joseph W. Smith for Governor, and the Michigan Greenbackers nominated Henry S. Smith for Governor and Lysander Woodward for Lieutenant-Governor.

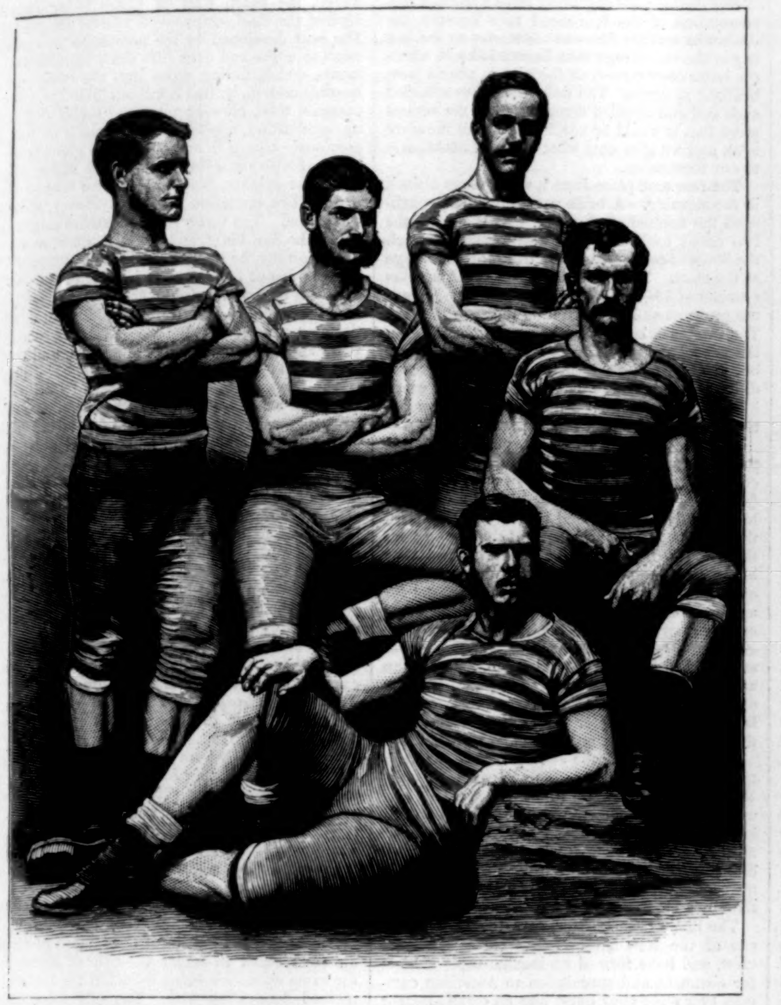
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: All the cabinets have accepted Germany's invitation to the Congress, to meet in Berlin, on the 13th inst., for the "free discussion of the whole of the contents of the Treaty of San Stefano."—The representatives at the Congress are to be Prince Bismarck and Count von Bülow, for Germany; Lords Beaconsfield, Salisbury, and Odo Russell, for Great Britain; Prince Gortchakoff, Count Schouvaloff, and M. D'Oubril (Russian ambassador at Berlin), for Russia; Count Andrassy and Von Haymerle, for Austria; MM. Waddington and De St. Vallier, for France; Count Corti and Count de Launay, for Italy; and Sadyk Pasha (late Chief of the Ministry) and Catheodori Effendi, for Turkey.—An imperial hatt has been issued by the Sultan appointing Safvet Pasha Grand Vizier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, *vice* Ruchdi, and Phosphore Mustapha Pasha Minister of War, *vice* Mahmoud Damad Pasha. Reouf Pasha has been appointed Grand Master of Artillery.

Another dastardly attempt was made to kill the Emperor William, in Berlin, on Sunday, the 2d inst. He was driving in the avenue Unter den Linden in the afternoon, when a man named Nobiling fired at him twice from a window. The Emperor received about thirty small shot in the face, head, both arms, and back, but fortunately the wounds were not fatal. The would-be assassin was captured, but not before he had shot and severely wounded himself. When questioned by one of his guards he exclaimed: "Germany is nothing; the Emperor is nothing; humanity and progress are every thing. We have done away with God, and the people do not want any more kings." He admitted to the police that there was a conspiracy, and that it devolved on him by lot to kill the Emperor. He refused to name his accomplices.

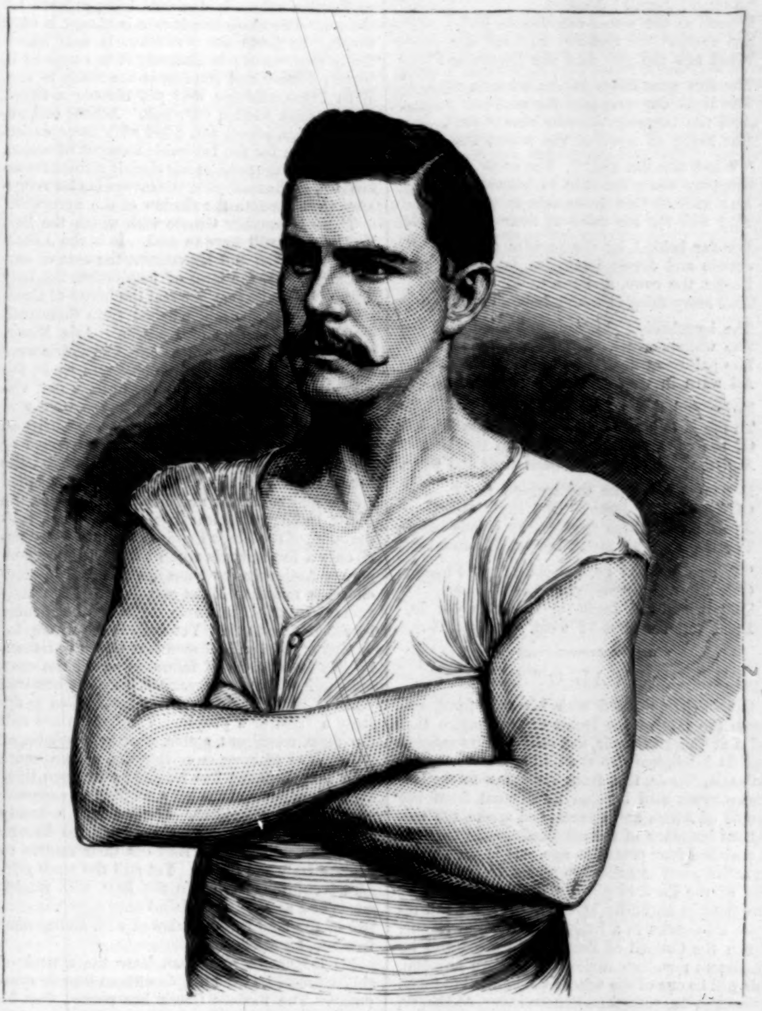

BOILING.
GRINDING.
DIPPING DEPARTMENT
DRYING.
UNROLLING
CUTTING AND BOXING

HOW MATCHES ARE MADE.—Drawn by C. A. Keetels.—[See Page 490.]

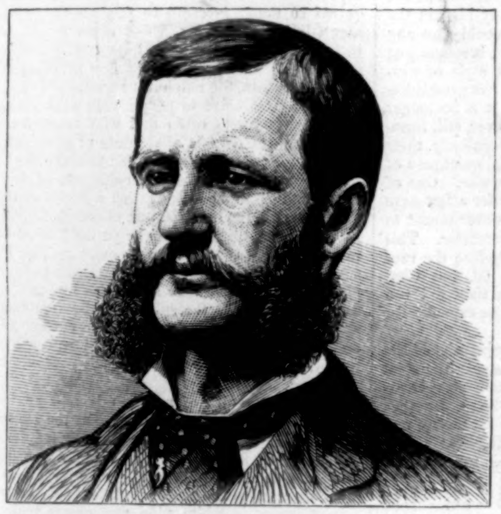


Charles Eldridge. E. E. Sage. H. G. Ridabock. C. Edson. Jasper T. Goodwin.

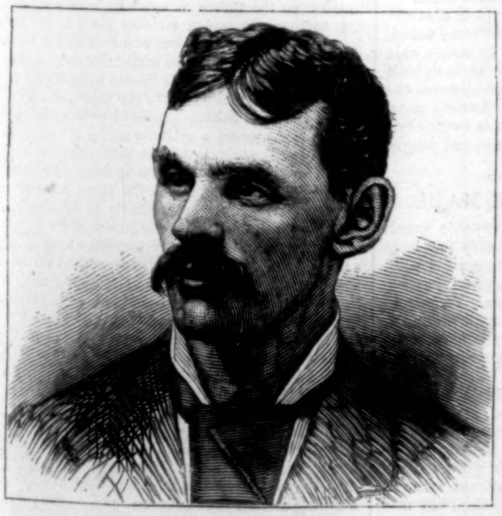
THE COLUMBIA CREW.—[Photographed by Alman.]



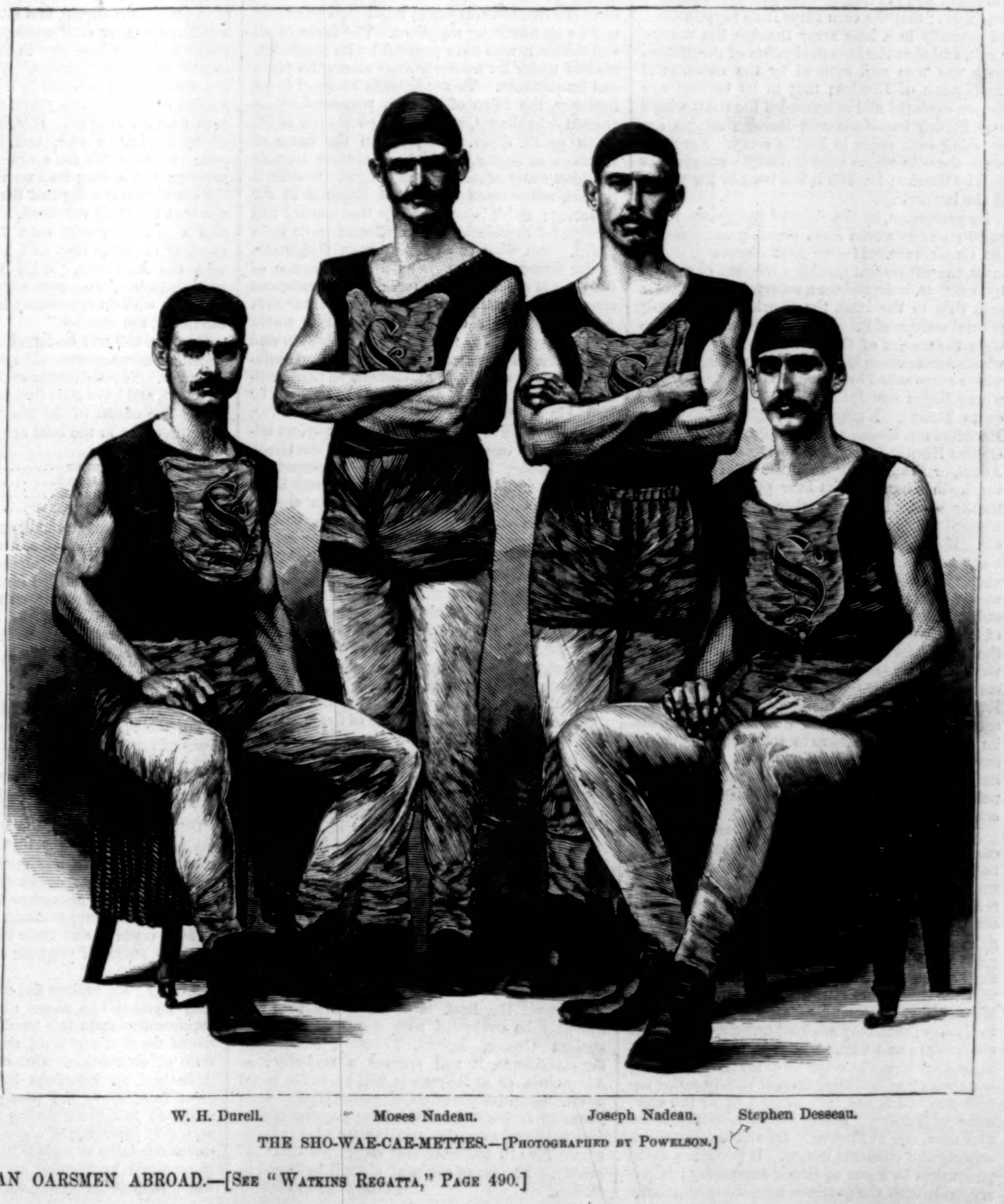
GEORGE W. LEE (TRITONS).—[Photographed by Parker & Co., Newark.]



JOHN E. EUSTIS (ATALANTA).
[Photographed by Pach.]



W. H. DOWNS (ATALANTA).
[Photographed by Pach.]



W. H. Durell. Moses Nadeau. Joseph Nadeau. Stephen Desseau.

THE SHO-WAE-CAE-METTES.—[Photographed by Powelson.]

AMERICAN OARSMEN ABROAD.—[See "Watkins Regatta," Page 490.]

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

"Jennie! Jennie! Jennie!
Where in the world can Jennie be?
She crossed the meadow an hour ago—
What ails the girl that she lingers so?"

The sun goes down in the crimson west,
The tired day prepares for rest,
And the laggard moments slowly pass,
But bring no news of the truant lass.

"What ails the girl?" The sober cows,
Stopping along the lane to browse,
May look in vain from side to side,
And wait for the voice of their pretty guide.

For far behind, by the pasture gate,
Jennie and Jamie forget 'tis late—
Forget the cows, and the milking hour,
And every thing else save Love's sweet power.

The lengthening shadows, unheeded fall,
The whip-poor-will with his plaintive call,
The gathering dews, and the darkening sky—
All warn in vain as the minutes fly.

Twice and thrice does mother go
To the farm-house door ere she hears the low
Of the cows as they trample up the lane,
And the ring of the cow-bells clear and plain.

But presently come the laggard feet
Of Jennie and Jamie. Oh! shyly sweet
Are the girl's blue eyes as she stands before
The mother who meets her at the door!

"Where did you go, my child?" "I?—oh,
Only after the cows, you know."
Then whispered Jamie: "Whatever you do,
Don't tell her that—I went after you!"

THE REVIVAL OF GREECE.

Gibbon has painted with his rare force and grace the fate of the feeble Greek Empire that ruled at Constantinople, and conveyed its religion and its intelligence to the barbarians of Servia, Bulgaria, Russia, that from Justinian to the last Constantine still boasted its descent from the people of Attica and Sparta, and spoke the melodious language of the companions of Pericles. It perished four centuries ago. It is the aim of an active party at Athens to revive the Greek Empire of the East, to place a Greek sovereign or president in authority at Constantinople, and reunite all Greeks in a federal or imperial league. When the Council of Berlin shall meet, and its intelligent members review the Eastern problem, this will be one of the schemes submitted to them. Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Schouvaloff, Andrassy, Waddington, will be assailed by arguments that appeal to the classical memories of their early days; will be told that Constantinople belonged to the Greeks, was a Greek settlement, an Attic fortress; that when Athens was in its glory, the Bosporus and the Euxine were patrolled by Greek war fleets; that the corn ships from Scythia passed annually in a long array through the narrow strait, and that the free navigation of the Hellespont was won and secured by the commercial intelligence of Rhodes; that in its earliest age Greece explored and commanded the coast where now British iron-clads and Russian armies are watching each other in hostile array. For 2000 years the site where Constantinople stands was held by Greeks; for 400 it has been in the power of the barbarians.

By possession, by the right of tenure, the strait and its shores would seem properly to belong to the Greek race. If ever first discovery, settlement, the cultivation and improvement of a country, courage, independence, enterprise, can give a sure title to the land, the Greeks are the only natural owners of it. Around its seas and shores were the scenes of the greatest of the legends; where Agamemnon led his fleets, and Hector died; where ships sailed in search of the Golden Fleece; where Medea and Iphigenia wandered to Colchis or to Taurus. Megarians, Spartans, Athenians, Macedonians, Romans, Byzantines, have held the Golden Horn for ages; but no Russian, Austrian, Angle, or Frank (except for the brief episode of the Latin Kingdom) has ever possessed any authority here. It is altogether a Greek territory, wrested for four centuries from its rightful owners. If Italy is given to the Italians to secure its unity and its revival, then as well should all the ancient cities and territories of Greece be restored to the brilliant race that once ruled them. The unity of Greece is as dear to the Greeks as is that of Italy to Humbert and Garibaldi; the Turk is to the Greek more odious than Austria or the Bourbons to Italian patriots. Why, the Athenians exclaim, should not Greece be restored, the Greek Empire revive, a second Heraclius awaken the courage of Marathon, and freedom live again in its earliest seat? There is something touching, something startling, in the appeal, as if a dead nation had suddenly sprung up before us—our political mother—and we would clasp again the unsubstantial shade.

In all these countries the Greek race has never ceased to flourish under oppression, and the Greek language is still spoken by a large proportion of the people of Constantinople and the Turkish provinces in Europe. In Macedonia there are 705,500 Greeks to 349,000 Mohammedans, 140,000 Bulgars. In Thrace the Greeks are 743,900; Bulgars, 315,520; Moslems, 558,000. In Bulgaria the Sclavic element prevails. But it is allowed that the Greeks are still the most intelligent, active, wealthy, important, of all the races subject to Turkey; that they are land-owners, merchants, mechanics; and that, at least in their own provinces, they form the majority of the people. There is a Greek semi-political literary society called the Syllogos, which has its branches in all the chief cities of Turkey. It has one at Adrianople, one at Varna, one at Smyrna. Its aim is to establish schools and cultivate letters. It publishes sharp pamphlets in favor of Greek supremacy; it corresponds with the patriotic committee at Athens, and even overawes the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople. The Syllogos is bitterly opposed to Russian rule. It demands independence for Greece. The whole Greek race is almost in open revolt. In Crete the revolution is only imperfectly suppressed; in Thessaly it has expired in blood; Thrace and Macedonia are ready to rise. Even Constantinople may yet become a Greek city by some sudden outbreak. Athens and ancient Greece, armed and filled with fierce excitement, watch for the favorable moment of action. The blood of the patriots has already stained the sacred soil of Thermopylæ; the savage cry for vengeance rises beneath the shadow of the Acropolis.

There is another Greece with which the Berlin Congress will have to deal. It is the Asiatic home of Homer and Herodotus, the seat of early Christianity, the land of inspiration, the holy place. Until the year 636 and the battle of Cadesia the Greek rule still reached from Constantinople to the bounds of Ethiopia. Asia Minor, the Syrian shore, Jerusalem, and Alexandria were Greek; Antioch and Philadelphia still spoke the musical language of St. John. But the first victories of the followers of Mohammed were won over the elegant, feeble people of the Christian realm. Syria and Jerusalem were converted or desolated; Egypt submitted to the Crescent; the seven cities and the seven candlesticks faded slowly into ruin; the magnificent cathedrals, the costly idolatry, the learning, wealth, piety, self-devotion, of the Greek Empire sank into decay, until only a few mounds recall the Christian splendors of Antioch, a few ruins indicate the countless churches raised to Mark and John. For nearly twelve centuries the whole realm has been ruled by Saracen or Turk. Yet such is the wonderful vitality of opinion and race that Greek Christianity has its millions of followers on all the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. Twelve hundred years of intolerable oppression have failed to destroy a faith or a people. The Greeks are still the most intelligent, active, wealthy, patriotic, of the citizens of Smyrna or Berytus, whence more than two thousand five hundred years ago their swift fleets covered the sea with the first elements of European commerce. London was a lonely fen, New York a barren rock, when the Greeks of Miletus and Smyrna sent out their traders to explore Italy and Spain. Yet still the same gifted, adventurous race fills the East with intelligence and activity, and claims once more the control of the land it first endowed with civilization, freedom, knowledge.

No intelligent mind can hear the appeal of this oppressed, gifted people without intense sympathy. The modern Greek has proved that he has not lost the passion for liberty that has made all Grecian history eloquent in the cause of freedom. Men as brave as those of Marathon have died recently in Crete and Thessaly. When Greece comes before the Congress of Berlin demanding freedom from foreign control, it will not want the recommendation of intellect or valor. It will be no unworthy suppliant. The favor of all will follow it who have profited by its teachings, studied under its masters, lived among its poets and its thinkers. To see Smyrna restored to its founders, the ruins of Antioch possessed by its ancient inhabitants, and some new church of St. Mark or St. John spring up on the waste of Laodicea or Sardis, would be a modern miracle in which every scholar would delight. Greece, it is said, relies upon the aid of England in the Congress; and it is not possible that learned and thoughtful Prussia will be indifferent to its complaint. But what can the European diplomates do for Greece? Strongly as the intelligence of the time is on its side, the force of circumstances must control even Bismarck and Beaconsfield. A Greek emperor or a Greek oligarchy would never be suffered to rule over the Bulgarian and the Sclave. There must be a perfect representation of each race in the Parliament of Constantinople. The people of the varied realm must be united in a common equality, and Turks, Sclaves, and Jews share in the advantages of a perfect toleration. No one would care to revive the Greek Empire under Heraclius, with its despotism, weakness, superstition. No Congress can build up what is forever overthrown. The ancient prejudice of the Greeks against the barbarians must be abandoned, and the republic or constitutional monarchy that has its seat at Constantinople can only be founded upon the principle of popular equality.

To some such principle the Congress will probably adhere. The meeting of the Congress indicates the final suppression of the Turkish power. England, by its leading newspaper, claims the protectorate of Egypt and Asiatic Turkey. The London *Times* probably speaks for the mercantile classes. Over the commerce of the East England is resolved to rule. But the suggestion of a protectorate seems imprudent, since if England assumes the settlement and civilization of Eastern Turkey, Russia may with equal justice claim a similar influence in the European provinces. The protectorate must apparently be general to be satisfactory. Let Europe extend its arts and its arms to Asia, and with a gentle force lift up its subject races to a lasting equality. In this delicate proceeding the happiness of nearly thirty millions of people is to be cared for, the new principles of modern intelligence to be introduced into the centres of conservative decay. Another expedition of Alexander will penetrate from Tyre to the Punjab, and Greek intelligence will once more cover the East. But the Greek race will probably be contented with a mental rule. In ancient Greece, Epirus, Thessaly, Macedonia, Constantinople, it will possess a majority; at Alexandria or at Smyrna it will be easily voted down. The principle of popular sovereignty seems about to revive in its early seat; popular education, a general mental cultivation, invade the lands where Thales and Bias first suggested their necessity. The seven sages of old will be heard at Berlin.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE WATKINS REGATTA.

Our double-page engraving gives a spirited representation of the four-oared race between the Atalantas and the Sho-wae-cae-mettes on the last day of the recent regatta on Seneca Lake, in which the latter crew carried off the honors, after a most brilliant struggle. The daily press has afforded such full and detailed descriptions of the several races that it would be needless to repeat the story here, and we give only what relates immediately to our illustration.

The race took place June 1, about seven o'clock in the morning. A brisk northerly breeze roughened the surface of the lake. At the word the two crews took the water well together, though the Sho-wae-cae-mettes had a trifle the advantage at the start. They pulled 40, and the Atalantas a stroke of 38—a quick stroke for them. It was the prettiest and most exciting race of the week. The two crack boats were bow and bow, the Atalantas cool and steady, preserving to the last their beautiful form, but evidently not in their best condition; the others pulling out of their boat, working all portions of their bodies, and every now and then giving utterance to their peculiar yell.

Soon the Sho-wae-cae-mettes spurted to 46, and pulled slightly ahead, and the Atalantas quickened their stroke to 40. Both crews made wonderful time. The water foamed and bubbled behind the flying boats, and the oars fairly hissed through it. At the beginning of the last quarter the friends of the Atalantas for the first time began to give up hope. The strain was telling on the crew, while the Sho-wae-cae-mettes kept up their 46 stroke with apparently as great ease as they had pulled the 40 with which they started. A yell came from Nadeau, in the bow, as they flashed by the grand stand, and with an answering spurt of 48 his men put their boat over the line, winners by three-quarters of a length, in 7.17½—faster time, with all allowances, than was ever made on the Henley course.

About ten o'clock the closing race of the week took place, between the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, the Northwesterns, and the Floral Citys. This was over a three-mile course, for the Detroit cup and individual badges. It was hotly contested, but the Sho-wae-cae-mettes were again victorious, crossing the line with a stroke of 50, and winning by six lengths. The Northwesterns had lost time by a clumsy turn.

The Sho-wae-cae-mettes, says the correspondent of the New York *Times*, "are a wonderful crew, and have formed an inexhaustible subject for comment and speculation to American oarsmen ever since they burst like an erratic meteor upon aquatic vision at Saratoga in 1876. There they rowed in an old boat, built years ago by Waters, of Troy, and fixed for a cockswain. They altered it to suit the occasion, have used it ever since, won the race to-day in it, and will take it to England. It is twenty-two inches wide, built of cedar, flat-bottomed, and sits very high in the water. No other crew would, or could with any credit to themselves, row in it, but it seems just to suit its present owners. Their style of rowing, which was laughable in 1876, has greatly improved in the last two years, and it is no longer each man for himself. It is, however, still formed by no known rule, and is peculiarly their own. It is notable for a wonderful quickness of recovery and a long hold on the water. One of the crew gravely informed the writer a few days ago that they had reformed, and never meant to pull a quicker stroke than 35 hereafter. This morning the same man said, just before the race with the Atalantas, 'We'll pull 60, but what we'll beat 'em,' and sure enough they did run up to 50, with an apparently infinite capacity for increasing the number."

On page 489 will be found the portraits of the American oarsmen who will take part in the Henley races. The Columbia crew have already arrived out, and have gone into practice on the other side. The names of the Sho-wae-cae-mettes and their positions in the boat are as follows:

	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Bow—Moses Nadeau	27	5.06	138
No. 2—Joseph Nadeau	23	5.05	140
No. 3—Henry Durell	25	5.07	140
Stroke—Stephen Dusseau	26	5.11	160

These men, though small, and lacking the great muscle of some oarsmen, are capable of great endurance, and a long distance is what they always desire. They sailed for England in the *Alsatia*, of the Anchor Line, on the 5th of June.

Mr. George W. Lee, the champion amateur oarsman of America, also went in the same vessel. Lee took with him two shells, one 12 inches wide by 29 feet long, and the other 12 by 28, both built by Waters, of Troy. He will contend against the single-scull champions of England. Lee is a member of the Triton Club, of Newark, is twenty-two years of age, stands 5 feet 10 inches, and weighs 162 pounds.

HOW MATCHES ARE MADE.

Our constant use of the indispensable match has made it so familiar that probably few have ever thought to ask how our ancestors did without it, and by what stages such a necessary article was brought to its present perfection. Yet matches did not come into common use until within the present century, and their history is marked by the same stages of progress and improvement as other inventions.

Among rude nations fire was obtained by rubbing together two pieces of wood, and the first improvement upon this troublesome plan was the use of the flint and steel, one of the earliest devices of civilization. Out of this grew the old tinder-box, an ingenious but intricate arrangement familiar to the past generation, but now relegated to a place among the antiquities. As such it is deserving of a short description. The tinder consisted of carbon in a filmy form, usually procured by burning an old rag. The steel was a strip of hard iron, curved round at the top and bottom so as to form a handle. This was held in the left hand, and in the right a flint wedge, the sharp edge of which being struck against the steel, chipped off minute fragments. The heat developed by the percussion was sufficient to ignite and even fuse these metallic fragments, which, falling down into the easily combustible carbon, ignited it without difficulty. The operator then, blowing upon the tinder to keep up combustion, applied a small piece of wood, previously dipped in sulphur, to the glowing carbon, and with some little contrivance managed to ignite the sulphur, which in its turn ignited the wood. The operation was not, however, always successful. The tinder or the matches might be damp, the flint blunt, and the steel worn, or on a dark morning the operator would not unfrequently strike his or her knuckles instead of the steel. That this occurred so frequently as to cause common complaint is shown by the following advertisement, which circulated extensively not so many years ago: "Save your knuckles, time, and trouble: use Heurtner's Eupyrion; price one shilling." In the Eupyrion flame was produced by bringing sulphuric acid into contact with an inflammable substance mixed with chlorate of potash. This device proved, however, to be scarcely less expensive and troublesome than the tinder-box.

The discovery of phosphorus in 1673 disclosed an entirely new method of obtaining fire. In 1680 Godfrey Hanckwitz, at his laboratory near the Strand, London, manufactured and sold large quantities of phosphorus for this purpose, and so great was the fame of the new method that he undertook a travelling tour in order to exhibit and sell the article. The costliness of phosphorus probably prevented its general introduction, and it is remarkable that a century and a half should have elapsed before this substance was commonly used in the manufacture of matches. At first the phosphorus was ignited by rubbing it between folds of brown paper and applying the match dipped in sulphur. Later it was customary to partially burn a small piece of phosphorus in the confined air of a small vial, the effect of which was to line it with oxide of phosphorus. The vial was then corked, and when required for use, a sulphur match was dipped into it. The match was either ignited by the chemical action produced, or by afterward rubbing it upon a cork.

In 1829 the lucifer-match was invented by Mr. John Walker, an English chemist. This match is in reality a lineal descendant of those already alluded to under the title of Eupyrion, the same chemicals being used, but the awkward method done away with. The original lucifer-match was tipped with a paste consisting of chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony mixed up with starch, and its great value consisted in the fact that it would ignite upon being drawn across sand-paper. There were, however, objections to these early matches. They required so much pressure to produce the necessary friction that the top was often pulled off without igniting, or else it burst into a violent flame, while burning particles flew in every direction. Again, the sulphurous antimonial vapor was highly offensive to people with weak lungs, and manufacturers often met with severe accidents from the contact of chlorate of potash and sulphur. Finally, it was decided to make use of phosphorus in place of the sulphuret of antimony, and from this proceeded a series of improvements in the manufacture of matches. Saltpetre was substituted wholly or partially for chlorate of potash, thus producing quiet ignition instead of the noise formerly heard, and the disagreeable odor was done away with by omitting much if not all of the sulphur and substituting stearine. Machinery was used for cutting the splints to a uniform size; and thus by a series of improvements our present matches were finally perfected.

The manufacture of matches is now an important industry both in Europe and the United States. The process, as may be gathered from our sketches, is a somewhat elaborate one. A portion of it even is performed before the materials are sent to the factory. The wood, for instance, which is white pine, and comes mainly from Canada—our Southern pine having been tried with ill success—is sent here cut in pieces of the proper thickness and twice the length of a match. The first process in making matches at the factory is called "rolling." It consists in binding up the pieces of wood by means of belting, so that a compact circular mass is formed, having a diameter of about two feet and a thickness of five inches. This is done by the "rolling machine." The belting is in two rolls, which are placed on axles belonging to the machine. From one of the rolls belting is passed over a series of wheels and around a cylinder under a "feeder;" its end is then fastened to an axle near the feeder. This feeder contains the splints. From the other roll belting comes to the same axle more directly. When the machine is in motion the belt passes under the feeder, the splints fall on it at right angles, and are carried along to the axle, where they are caught between the two belts. The arm to which the axle is attached rises as the roll increases, so that the splints always come in contact with the roll at the same distance from the feeder. When the roll is sufficiently large, one or two turns of the remaining belting are made around it, and the ends fastened by driving a nail through them into the bundle. The roll is then taken to be dipped.

In the dipping department there is a pan-like vessel containing liquid sulphur, which is kept hot by means of steam. Into this a man gently dips the roll, first one face and then the other, allowing a short time between the dips for partial drying. After this the phosphorus and coloring are put on. The mixture containing the phosphorus and coloring is spread on a table having a hollow iron top. Into this there is another dipping similar in manner to the sulphur dipping.

To supply the heat necessary to keep the mixture soft, steam passes through a pipe into the hollow table-top. The rolls are hung in rows on pegs, and dried by a four-bladed steam fan.

The next process is "unrolling." The circular bundle of splints is placed on an axle of the "unroller," the ends of the belts unfastened and passed *together* between two cylinders, then separated and made fast to two axles, one over and the other under the machine. These axles turning unwind the bundle, the matches held between the belts being liberated at the point where they separate. The double matches are now taken to the cutting and boxing tables. At these tables they are cut through the centre by a knife worked by a pedal. They are then boxed. One knife suffices for two girls; while one is cutting the other is boxing. This work goes on with bewildering rapidity, there being no pause between different operations, each movement passing into the succeeding one, making a continued motion. A practiced boxer and cutter is able to turn out three thousand boxes in a day. The phosphorus compound for the heads of the matches, containing also glue or gum, chlorate of potash, and the coloring, is first fused in a pot, and then more thoroughly mixed by grinding in an iron mill. During the grinding, care has to be taken to prevent combustion from friction. For this purpose a man stands ready with a small broom charged with water, which he sprinkles on any sparks that appear. The chief difference between the parlor match and the common match is that the former contains no sulphur, its place being supplied by stearic acid or some other combustible.

There is one difficulty attendant upon the manufacture of matches which makes it an employment to be shunned by those who are able to find some other means of subsistence. The acid fumes thrown off by the phosphorus during the various processes frequently cause among the people employed a terrible disease, which attacks the teeth and jaws. To such an extent did it prevail at one time in Germany that the attention of the government was called to it. The dippers are most likely to suffer in this way, in consequence of having to stand for hours over the heated slab upon which the phosphorus is spread. Persons with decayed teeth are the most susceptible to this disease, and therefore they are carefully excluded from the factories. Indeed, the principal employés are young people of both sexes. No antidote has yet been discovered, and the natural course of the disease is to rot the entire jaw-bone away. This generally occupies several years, with a constant discharge of matter inside and outside the mouth. The pain is not very acute, but the sufferer seldom survives the natural course of the disease. Sometimes an operation is successful, and many have been performed at the New York Hospital. Sometimes it has been found necessary to remove the whole of the jaw-bone. Thorough ventilation and careful attention to cleanliness will do much toward preventing the disease in the beginning, and these points are sedulously regarded in the better class of match manufactories.

It is a fact worthy of notice that insignificant as matches appear, it is a matter of importance, on account of the immense numbers made, that manufactories should be situated in localities where timber is cheap. Besides the matches, splints are exported to the West Indies and South America, where, within a few years, match manufactories have been established. As for the matches themselves, the United States supply to a great extent not only the remote portions of our own continent, but also send them in large quantities to the East Indies, Australia, and China.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The usual circulars have been issued in reference to the twenty-seventh meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to be at St. Louis on the 21st day of August, 1878. The head-quarters of the association will be first at the Lindell Hotel, and the general sessions will be held at the Armory Hall. The three permanent sections of Chemistry, Microscopy, and Anthropology will be continued.

Members intending to be present at the meeting should communicate at once with Professor J. K. Reed, secretary of the local committee at St. Louis, in order that proper arrangements may be made for their accommodation. The president of the meeting is Professor O. C. Marsh, of New Haven.

Lieutenant Schwatka is in charge of a party organized for the purpose of searching for the remains and relics of Sir John Franklin. The party will start for the arctic regions on the *Eothen* between the 1st and the 10th of June. The vessel is being fitted out as rapidly as possible, and donations of supplies are coming in daily, consisting of arms, ammunition, provisions, etc.

The party will consist of Lieutenant Schwatka, W. H. Gilbert, and three men who have been previously engaged in arctic exploration. The well-known "Esquimau Joe" will accompany them. About fifteen Esquimaux will probably be added to the party on its arrival at the starting-point.

An eminent English astronomer, Rev. Robert Main, director of the Radcliffe Observatory, at Oxford, died on the 7th of May, at an advanced age.

The *Oologist*, a monthly journal published at Utica in the interest of those engaged in the collection and study of the nests and eggs of birds, with the March number commences a new year considerably improved in appearance, a colored plate, representing six species of rare eggs, constituting the frontispiece.

A work was commenced several years ago by Mr. Charles J. Maynard, of Newtonville, Massachusetts, upon *The Birds of Florida*, intended expressly to give an account of the species observed by the author in that peninsula. Each number embraces a colored plate of some new or rare species of bird, that in the fourth number, just published, representing *Paperculus princeps*, a sparrow, first made known by Mr. Maynard. This, however, does not appear to have ever been found in Florida, all the specimens recorded being from New England and Long Island.

In this last number the scope has been enlarged so as to include the water and game birds of Western North America.

Professor Marsh continues the announcement of important discoveries among the specimens collected by him in the Rocky Mountains, the latest being that of the existence of a small marsupial of a new genus and species, named *Dryolestes priscus*. This animal was perhaps most nearly allied to the existing opossums, and was about the size of a weasel, according to Professor Marsh. It was found in the Upper Jurassic strata, and is interesting as being the first Jurassic mammal found in this country.

Professor R. Visiani, in charge of the department of botany in the university of Padua, died recently, at the age of seventy-eight.

The eleventh annual convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers will be held in the hall of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Boston, on the 18th of June. A circular from John Bogart, secretary of the society, gives a list of the principal papers already announced for presentation, as also notices of numerous excursions to industrial establishments.

The Dutch expedition to the arctic seas, in command of Captain Bruyne, left on the 6th of May, in a schooner of eighty tons, the *Willem Barentz*. It will first visit Jan-Mayen Land, and thence northwest to Amsterdam Island. On this expedition search will be made for the establishment of the Dutch Northern Company abandoned in the first half of the seventeenth century. Proceeding as far as possible to the northwest, they will return home before winter. The expedition is purely national, having been organized exclusively by the voluntary contributions of the Dutch, and all the usual observations in physical and natural science will be made during the voyage.

The death of Professor Malaguti, a well-known French chemist, took place on the 24th of April last, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. By birth an Italian, he was obliged to leave his native land for political reasons, and first became known as an assistant to Gay-Lussac. After holding for a time the position of chemist to the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, he succeeded to the chair of chemistry at Rennes—a position which he filled at the time of his death. The numerous important articles in the scientific journals from his pen fully attest his industry and efficiency, as well as several text-books on chemistry proper and agricultural chemistry.

Some time ago Professor D. S. Jordan, of Irvington, Indiana, published a manual of the vertebrates of the United States, which served an excellent purpose for the ready determination of the species of mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes. It was received with very much favor, and a new edition has just been printed, considerably enlarged and much improved. By means of analytical tables and synopses the ready determination of any American vertebrate can be made with but little difficulty.

The disease among salmon which has been so destructive during the present year in the Scottish rivers proves to be produced by a fungus (*Saprolegna ferax*), which attacks the head, tail, and fins, covering the scales with a fine white cottony film, which ultimately blinds the fish and fills the gills and mouth. It is probably a form of the same fungus which affects trout and carp in ponds. Mr. Worthington Smith thinks the disease is due to the unusual mildness of the winter. It seems to attack the fish when in the fresh-water, the salt-water probably being fatal to the fungus.

Ethnologists and philologists will be pained to hear of the death, at Guatemala city, Guatemala, on the 12th of April, of Dr. G. Behrendt, so well known in the United States and in Europe in connection with explorations in Mexico and Central America. With the adventurous spirit so common to his countrymen, he left Germany for America many years ago, and established himself as a physician at Tobasco, where he devoted himself especially to researches into the early history and language of the Maya Indians.

Returning from that country, he spent some time in the United States copying a manuscript dictionary of the Maya language belonging to Mr. Brown, of Providence, and then, after a short visit to Europe, again went to Mexico, passing through the United States. Being assisted by the late Dr. Henry Bryant, of Boston, he proceeded to Lake Peten, in Guatemala, by way of the Belize, accompanied by Mr. Christopher Wood, of Philadelphia, as a taxidermist.

The party made many interesting collections in natural history, some of which were new to science, although the greater part was destroyed *en route* by the Indians. Crossing the peninsula of Yucatan, at great peril of life, to Tobasco, he returned to New York after several years' absence, and subsequently entered upon another expedition to the western portion of Central America, including Nicaragua, Salvador, and Guatemala.

During the whole of his residence in Mexico and Central America he made copious notes in regard to the ethnology, geography, and natural history of the country, and was especially diligent in gathering material for publication in regard to the philology of the aborigines. Quite recently he was engaged in securing and packing some interesting sculptures at Santa Lucia, near Guatemala, for the Archæological Museum of Berlin. The same region had been previously visited, and a work upon its antiquities, with copious illustrations by Dr. Habel, is now in process of publication by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. It is understood that Dr. Berendt bequeathed his books and manuscripts to the Berlin Museum. Shortly before his death he dictated an account of his life, and transmitted it to Dr. Rau, of the Smithsonian Institution.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some interesting facts have been made public in regard to Gainsborough's famous portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire. This picture was originally a full-length portrait, painted in 1783 for Lord Spencer's collection, but was afterward cut to the knees—a mutilation for which no reason is known. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was famous for her beauty, wit, and attractive manners; and this portrait, representing her as wearing the broad-brimmed Gainsborough hat—lately again in fashion, after nearly a century—is well known to the public through the fine engravings which have been made of it. In May, 1876, this portrait was purchased at auction by Mr. Agnew, the well-known London picture-dealer, for over $50,000. It was placed on exhibition at the New British Exhibition, in Old Bond Street, where it attracted a throng of visitors. But in a short time afterward it was stolen one night so adroitly that no trace of the thief could be discovered, although detectives made vigilant search, and a reward of $7500 was offered for its recovery. Some months ago Mr. Agnew received a letter from this city, in which the writer made a proposition to return this stolen portrait for $15,000, sending at the same time, as proof of its being in his possession, a bit of canvas which fitted exactly into the jagged edges of the stretching frame from which it had been cut. Negotiations were immediately opened; but the owner was unwilling to pay the sum demanded, and the London police could obtain no clew to the identity of the holder of the stolen picture, nor learn where it was, such was the secrecy and shrewdness with which the matter was managed. Yet it was believed that the portrait was carried from New York to London at that time, and afterward returned to this city. Recently Mr. Agnew, through his agent, has made renewed efforts to regain the picture, although as yet without success. The mysterious disappearance of this famous portrait has awakened unusual interest among all lovers of art, and the result of present efforts, it is hoped, will be successful.

The new Hahnemann Hospital on Park Avenue, between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets, is nearly completed, and in the fall will be open for the reception of patients. The building has cost about $70,000—a sum which has been chiefly raised by the Ladies' Aid Society.

Paris journals are protesting against the extortions practiced upon visitors to the French capital.

With the opening trips of the Gilbert Elevated Railroad in New York, Brooklyn has awakened to a sense of its need of rapid transit. Plans for steam travel there are about to be put in execution.

The works of the Paris Exhibition building and adjuncts will not cost less than forty-five millions of francs.

Richmond, Missouri, about 150 miles north of Jefferson City, is the capital of Ray County, and the centre of a very fertile section of the State. It has a population of nearly 4000. Over this city passed a terrific cyclone on June 1, sweeping through the centre of the place, and demolishing dwellings, tearing down trees, and, in short, levelling every thing in its broad path. Many public buildings and not less than seventy-five private residences were literally destroyed, and twelve persons instantly killed, besides many others being most seriously injured. The loss of property can not easily be estimated.

By the Wisconsin tornado, which occurred on May 23, it is estimated that fifty persons were killed, and from 200 to 250 seriously injured.

Five men were killed a week or two ago on the Prospect Park and Coney Island Railroad. And what gives additional horror to this disaster is the fact that there is evidence that obstructions were maliciously placed across the track for the purpose of wrecking the train. No motive is known for this fiendish act.

Dom Pedro of Brazil has had a horse-car constructed for his own private use. And a horse-car can be made an elegant vehicle by spending money enough upon it.

At North Bend, Indiana, an event occurred recently which has caused intense excitement in the vicinity. The tomb of the Hon. J. Scott Harrison was violated, and his body was unexpectedly and under most painful circumstances found in the Ohio Medical College by his own son. The shock of being suddenly confronted by the corpse of his father—whose grave had been specially guarded—and the sight of the indignities to which it had been subjected, were terrible. No matter what extenuations are offered, an indignant public will be likely to hold the Medical College responsible to some extent for this deed.

It is said to be a bad year for ice—that is, bad for the consumers of ice. If estimates made in regard to the expenses of cutting, storing, and delivering ice, with the full addition of all contingent expenses, are correct, or any where nearly correct, it will be a good year for the ice-dealers. Ice companies probably realize as large a dividend on the capital invested as any other business companies.

Deep solicitude has been manifested by the numerous friends of William Cullen Bryant during his recent illness. As a journalist, a poet, and a scholar, as well as a noble citizen and generous, kindly man, he is widely honored and beloved. On the occasion of the unveiling of the bust of Mazzini in the Central Park he made an address, and for a time his head was exposed to the sun's rays. Afterward, on going to dine at the house of a friend, he fell on the door-step in a sort of swoon, striking his head against the stone jamb of the doorway. Much anxiety was felt as to the result of the exposure and the accident. But up to the time of the present writing he has continued to improve slowly but steadily, and it is hoped he will soon be restored to perfect health.

Cleopatra's Needle is preparing to take an upright position. Six hydraulic screw-jacks of 100 tons power, and two of 50 tons power, will be brought into requisition for this purpose.

On the day of the opening of the Paris Exhibition, just before the arrival of the Marshal's guests, a member of the Italian Commission perceived that the flag floating on the façade of his section carried no crape in mourning remembrance of King Victor Emanuel. There was little time left to repair the neglect, and the Commissioner dreaded the censure of the Duke of Aosta. So, without a moment's hesitation, he addressed a lady wearing a long black veil, explained the situation, and begged her to relieve him from his anxiety. The lady immediately handed him her veil, and when, a few minutes later, the cortége passed by, the tricolor flag of Italy was draped with the sombre sign of national bereavement.

When Lord and Lady Rosebery made their first visit to Mentmore, the magnificent estate of the bride, they were welcomed by the tenants with numerous emblems of rejoicing—flowers, flags, and triumphal arches. As soon as Lord Rosebery could make himself heard amid the cheers, he said: "I have to thank you very warmly for the welcome you have given to my wife and myself to-day. My wife has deserved this in the past, and I hope I may deserve it in the future."

Among the questions to be discussed at an International Sanitary Congress which is to be held at the Trocadéro, from the 1st to the 10th of August, are the following: The Pollution of Rivers, the Adulteration of Food, Unhealthy Manufactures, Artisans' Dwellings, and Isolation in Hospitals.

The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes: "There has been a curious outbreak of diphtheria and kindred diseases in the neighborhood where Professor Huxley lives, ordinarily a very healthy and pleasant one. The sudden spread of illness is traced to an improvement in the system of drainage, carried out on a large scale—one of many blessings for which the long-suffering Londoner has to thank the municipal authorities, who bestow their surplus folly on their fellow-citizens."

Some ten thousand or more youthful Gothamites enjoyed the luxury of a cleansing swim on the recent day of opening the six public baths of this city. We wish we could say there were a dozen free baths in New York.

About 12,000 looms in Fall River were remaining idle last week in consequence of the stoppage of a dozen or more mills. Not far from 4000 operatives are thrown out of employment from this cessation of the mills.

The Royal Geographical Society has decided to send an exploring expedition from Zanzibar to the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and thence to the southern end of Tanganyika. The chief object of the expedition will be to make accurate maps of the lake region.

It is announced that the American Institute of Instruction will hold its meeting this year at the White Mountains, July 9, 10, 11, and 12. The head-quarters are to be at Fabyan's.

The steamer *Idaho*, of the Williams & Guion Line, went ashore in a fog on June 1, near the Koningbeg Light-ship, on the coast of Ireland. A treacherous maze of reefs surrounds the Carrigmore Rock, off Saltee Island, and in the foggy gloom of the evening the steamer struck this rock. In about twenty-two minutes she sank. There were not far from three hundred persons on board, including passengers, officers, and crew. Fortunately the boats furnished ample room for all, and the captain, officers, and men faithfully and courageously did their duty, so every soul was saved. This seems wonderful, in view of the fact that the *Idaho* sank so soon. Of course it was impossible to save baggage or cargo: all escaped with only what was about their persons. It is said that the captain was misled by an error in the compass.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Hood used to tell a story of a hypochondriac who was in the habit, two or three times a week, of believing himself dying. On a certain occasion he was taken ill with one of his terrors while riding out in his gig, and happening at the time to see in the road ahead his family physician riding in his carriage in the same direction, he applied the whip to his horse to overtake the old doctor as soon as he possibly could. The doctor, however, seeing him coming, applied the whip to his own horse, and as he had a nag that was considered a "goer," they had a close time of it for about three miles. But the hypochondriac, driving a faster horse, finally came alongside of the doctor, and exclaimed, "Hang it, doctor, pull up—pull up instantly! I am dying." "I think you are," cried the doctor; "I never saw any one going so fast."

Even a barrel hoop will turn when trod upon.

A Columbus man says he started thirty years ago to make $1,400,000. He has got the fourteen, but the ciphers bother him.

When you see a young fellow who a year ago used to step up and order lager for the crowd with the utmost *sang-froid*, patiently trundling a baby carriage along the street on Sunday afternoon, and looking chap-fallen in his last season's hat, don't it speak volumes for the reforming influence of woman's society?

"I wish to ask the Court," said a facetious lawyer, who had been called to the witness stand to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?" "Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild-mannered judge; "give it for what it is worth."

If twenty grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?

Charles (*playfully*). "How much really did that hat cost, Jennie?"

Jennie. "If you really want to inspect the bills for my dry-goods, Charles, there is a way to do it."

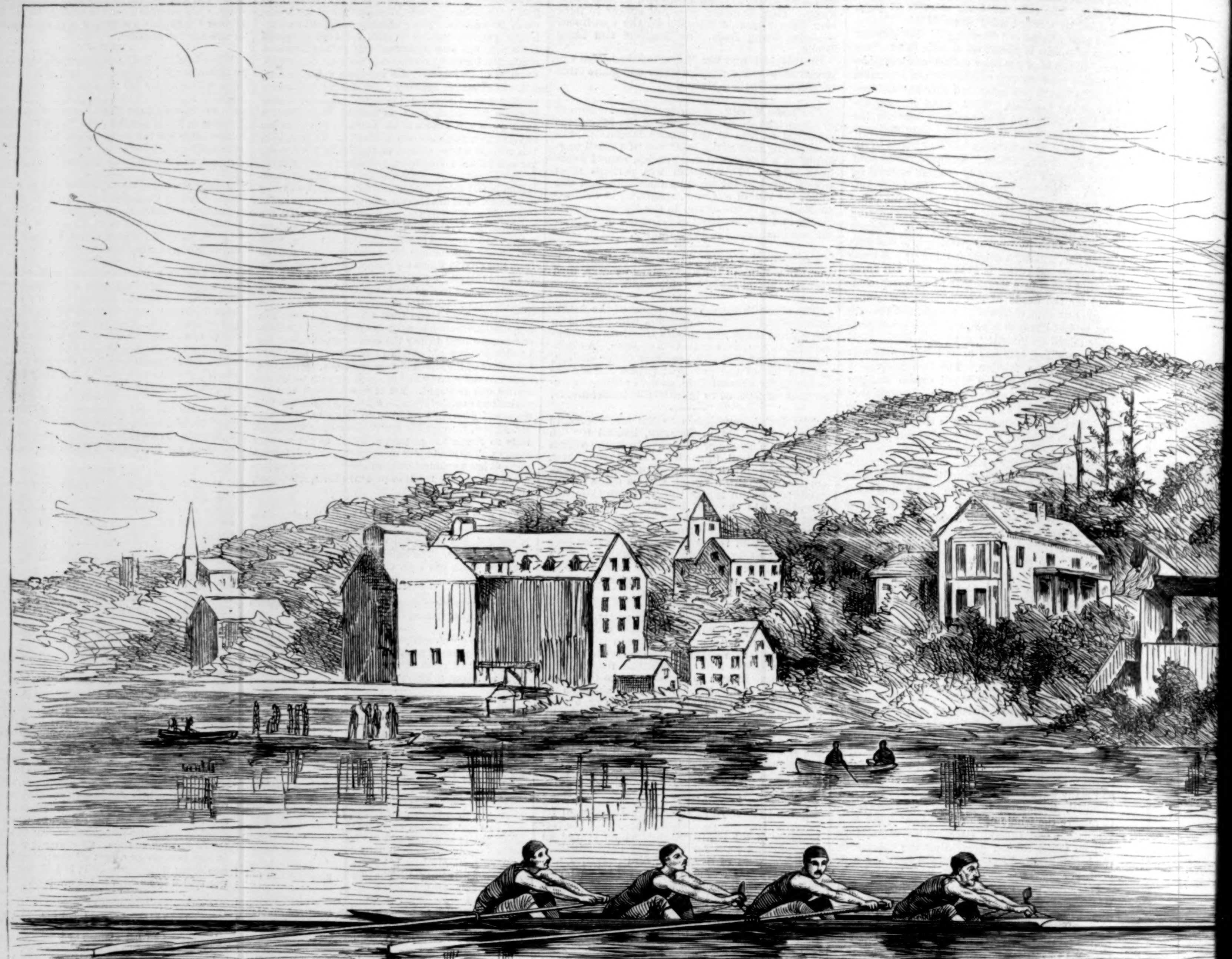
[*And what else could Charles do but propose on the spot?*

We suggest a remedy for "hazing" in colleges. When the students are caught at it, let the president give them a difficult task to study—lines from some of the poets. For instance, he might say to them, "Go Hom-er."

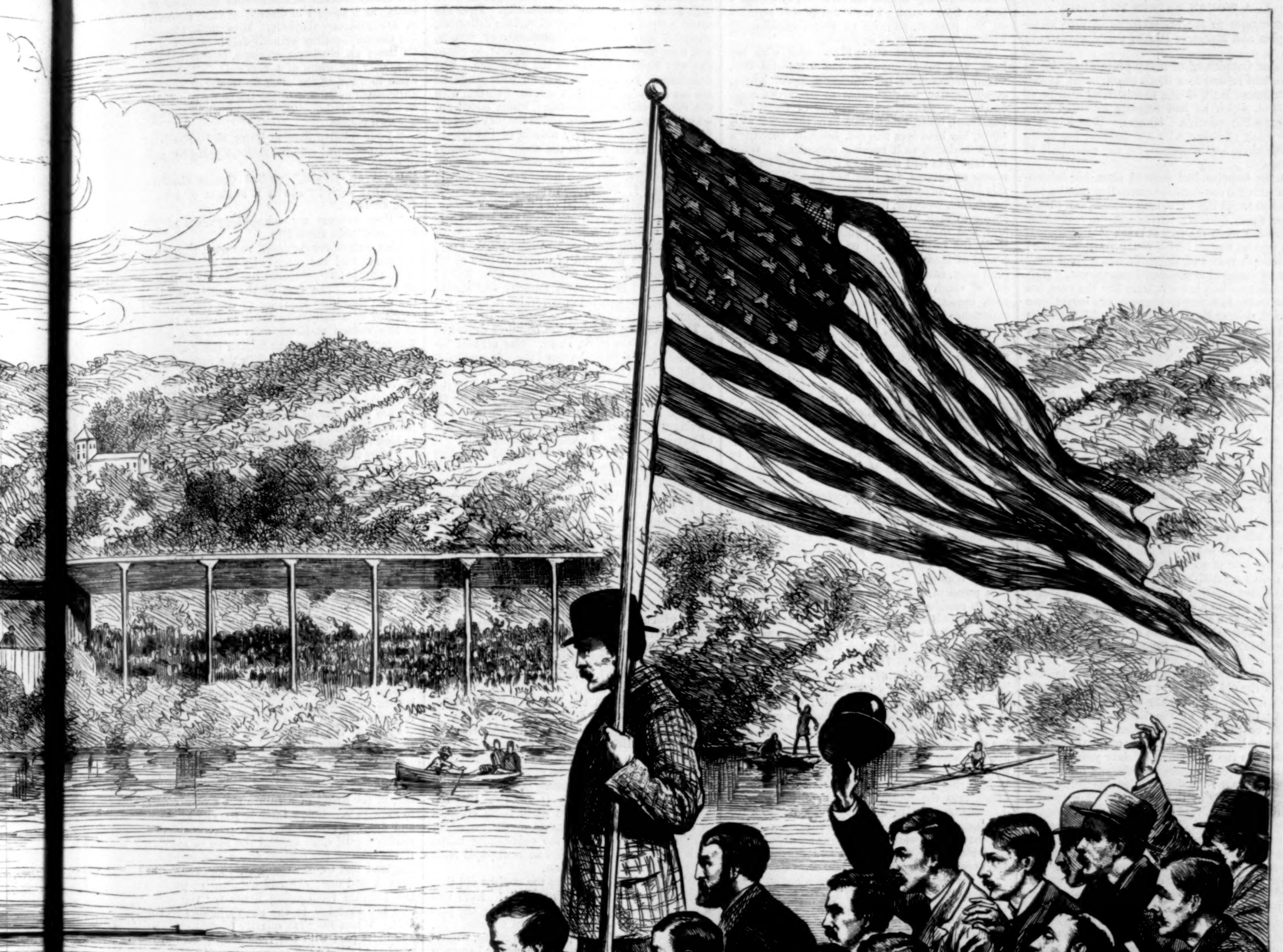
It was said of a lady who had just completed her twoscore years, and who played very loudly upon her piano, but never spoke of her age except in a whisper, that she was forty upon her piano, but piano upon her forty.

Among the latest curiosities is a wet stone to sharpen the water's edge.

Witty Manœuvre.—The Duke of Grammont was the most witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a Prime Minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A less skillful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. But the duke entered briskly, and cried, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence." And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterward was Marshal of France.



THE WATKINS REGATTA—RACE BETWEEN THE SHO-WAE-CAE-METTES AND THE ATA



ATAL TAS—AT THE FINISH.—Drawn by A. B. Frost from Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 490.]

A ST. BARTHOLOMEW MEDAL.

I.—A WOMAN ENTERS THE LISTS.

ACCORDING to the probabilities of fate, Major Cupples and Margaret Blount would never have met.

Major Cupples, after many years of service in India, had retired to a small country-seat, known as Primrose Hall, in the Cumberland district of England, which he had recently inherited from an eccentric relative. Margaret Blount was a poor artist of Rome, who was fighting her battle of life alone and unaided—for the most part in silence.

Major Cupples had entered upon his inheritance with the comfortable conviction that he had knocked about the world long enough, and should never again quit his native isle—a reasonable conclusion when the fact is taken into consideration that he was no longer young, having attained his sixtieth year, and, moreover, had a "stiff leg," such as rendered locomotion inconvenient. Margaret Blount had not left Italy for the past ten years, owing to a very light purse, and would have avoided visiting England had that of Fortunatus been laid at her feet. The lonely artist shrank from the parent land, perhaps with a little resentment at being so wholly forgotten as time rolled on.

Major Cupples would not travel on the Continent, Margaret Blount would not return to England, neither was aware of the existence of the other at the date of the opening of our story, and yet they were destined to meet.

When Major Cupples had crossed the threshold of his new home, two years before, he had received also the mantle of his predecessor, together with lawn, park, shrubbery, and farm. It was such a ghostly, impalpable mantle that he did not feel it, but it clung to him nevertheless. The retired Indian officer, once a crack sportsman up in the hill stations as well as in the jungle, at all times a connoisseur of wines, tobacco, and curries, who had even appeared in his youth on the boards of that famous amateur theatre of Calcutta, suddenly developed into a student. The library at Primrose Hall was a good one, and the deceased relative had devoted the leisure of his later years to coin-collecting. Major Cupples, imbued with a subtle enthusiasm, became also a collector of coins, spent days arranging those hoarded in cabinets of the old house, and received with extraordinary interest little packages from London containing the heads of the Roman emperors on bronze, or the beautiful classical profile of Minerva and Mercury on the silver of the Greek era.

Happy is the gentleman of sixty years, with a stiff leg, who can discover a hobby of interest in a country home! Major Cupples was firmly seated on his hobby at the expiration of a twelvemonth, and had already earned a certain amount of reputation in the district. The most effectual means of introduction a stranger could bring to Primrose Hall was a piece of money in current use some hundreds or thousands of years ago. Major Cupples would insist on detaining such a guest to dinner, when the conversation would naturally turn on the age of the world as traced by coins, and the probable duration of all those kingdoms and empires which flourished long before the use of such "legal tender." A countryman who had tramped over hill and dale to present our savant with a bit of battered and oxidized metal found in tilling the soil, after the manner of husbandmen in all lands, never departed empty-handed, or without a plentiful refreshment of cold meat and beer.

New-Year's morning dawned of the year 1878. The Roman sky wore its deepest sapphire hue, the sunshine was brilliant, the air keen, and the city fountains had been adorned by the frosty night with necklaces of icicles which sparkled like diamonds.

Margaret Blount lived nearest the sky on one of those narrow streets adjacent to the Via Margutta. To reach her abode one must climb the interminable flights of a Roman house until the last step terminated on a sort of landing before the trap-door leading to the roof. In fact, she dwelt on the roof, had lived here for ten long years, and loved, with the attachment of the human vine, the parapets, the neighboring church tower, the very stones of the buildings. Her airy residence was by no means lonely. On one side her two rooms faced the south, on the other lived the porter and his somewhat numerous family, while the wide space of roof between was usually adorned with the wet linen washed by the porter's wife and mother-in-law.

At night the porter closed and locked the trap-door, with the aspect of bidding defiance to the rest of the house until morning. Margaret Blount had a second key, hanging on a nail, but she did not use it, simply because she never went out in the evening. It was far from being a stylish residence; fashionable ladies were not likely to discover it at all, much less attend here afternoon receptions. It was only a roof with some rooms built on it, like the deck cabins of primitive steamboats, where clothes dried on lines, a colony of hens strutted about, and the fresh laughter of the porter's children echoed all day long. The fierce sun of summer smote upon it, driving away the artist to the Alban Hills for a time, and the chill blast of winter threatened the window-sashes; but she loved the spot where she had hoped and waited, worked and suffered, far too well to exchange it for any other. Sometimes she fancied herself like Robinson Crusoe, dwelling isolated with her dog and parrot, for the few friends she had ever made had dropped away silently, like dead leaves.

At eight o'clock she came out on her terrace to inhale the freshness of the morning. It was New-Year's Day! A little orange-tree, sheltered by the wall, bore several balls of golden fruit; pots of fuchsias bloomed above a mass of delicate green, starred with vivid pendent blossoms. The fat poodle, Bello, fresh from his bath, and with a ribbon tied through his collar, like a blue cravat, waddled gravely behind his mistress, in aspect a ball of flossy wool. Pietro the parrot strutted on the parapet, pausing to cough occasionally with the affectation of an invalid.

Margaret Blount shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed out over the wonderful city, which represented her world—a world ample, complete, and inexhaustible to the artist soul. She was a pale, slender woman of forty, self-possessed, quiet, sedate, her hair threaded with silver, her blue eyes unquiet, troubled, perhaps a little doubtful, as if seeking something. What the blue eyes had sought so long might be happiness or success, for they had found neither in this life. Adversity and solitude had not soured her nature, however, for the porter's children ran across to wish her a "buona festa," receiving a kiss, and each a gift of dolls and sugar-plums. Bello the poodle looked on with a surly disapproval of these proceedings, and kept his plump, pink body, covered with fringes of silky hair, well out of reach of childish fingers the while with such sagacity as became a middle-aged dog of experience. Pietro the parrot also darted down jealously to warn off, with shrill clamor, a hen that had advanced beyond its own territory, with neck craned and claw uplifted, to see if dolls and sugar-plums on a holiday for the porter's children might possibly be accompanied by stray grains of maize for a worthy fowl that laid the fresh eggs. Margaret Blount felt very happy—almost gay. A new year had opened. Who knows what the months may unfold? Perhaps the fine weather occasioned this exhilaration, or the greetings of the pretty caressing children, her neighbors.

Every one awaits his opportunity with vague expectation, such as Margaret Blount experienced when she returned in-doors. Did not Dean Swift, a penniless student, gaze out of the window of Trinity College in hopes that the sailor crossing the court at the moment was in search of himself? Was not the seaman actually the bearer of a purse of silver coin sent by his cousin, the Lisbon merchant?

Margaret Blount, humming a song, entered her studio, turned her picture to the light, and took up her palette. A shadow fell across the window; Bello barked furiously. She glanced up from her work. Behold! the little Annunciata, baby and pet of the porter's household, in tattered pink pinafore, with tangled curls falling over the sparkling black eyes, and the rosy face dimpled with smiles, grandmother, mother, and the elder children in the background! Annunciata advances alone on an important mission with the fearless grace of Italian childhood. "What is it, carina?" demanded the artist, dipping her brush into the mingling colors of the palette. Annunciata held in one tiny fist a bouquet for the Signora Inglese, and in the other a letter. The baby is old enough to deliver a letter. Family pride at the window nods and chuckles over the notable circumstance.

As for Margaret Blount, she grew red and pale. Letters came to her so very seldom! She read this one breathlessly, and with swift reaction of chill disappointment. What had she expected? It was from Geoffrey Blount, her cousin and sole surviving relative. He was a dry, unsympathetic man, a solicitor in a country town, who had urged her to seek the post of governess or housekeeper, after her mother's death here in Rome, rather than "turn artist," as he expressed it, unless she was sure of obtaining employment from shops in painting boxes and fans. It was the harsh and practical advice of the business man. Margaret had scorned and spurned it.

Her face assumed a strange expression of rigidity. She threw down the letter, rose suddenly, and, swayed by an irresistible impulse, sought the inner room, where a high shelf above the bed held several books, and an old cracked china jar such as bulbs are placed in to bud. She climbed on a chair, removed the jar carefully, and overturned it in her lap. Several tiny boxes rolled out, and a jewel-case. Margaret touched the spring of the case with a reluctant finger, the lid opened, and valuable jewels were revealed—diamonds and emeralds in an old-fashioned setting. Then she fell on her knees, clasping the case close, and prayed earnestly that poverty might not lead her to part with these gems which had been worn by her mother on her wedding day. Even such sacrifice was better than seeking assistance from Cousin Geoffrey, however. He had withheld all sympathy and interest from this friendless kinswoman so long she did not feel the loss with excessive bitterness here, for all Rome belonged to her—the bountiful and benign mother of weary souls. Her father, a ruined speculator, had hovered on the border of Boulogne and Calais; her mother had spent her last days in the milder climate of Italy. Margaret had lived since on the sale of remaining jewels and valuables. Occasionally she obtained pupils for a winter; one of her little sketches attracted a purchaser in a shop window. She had neither friends nor patrons, and as an artist no fame.

The clamor of her pets recalled her to the studio. The open letter had fallen on the floor. Pietro the parrot had hopped on it, while Bello barked roguishly at his comrade. Margaret took up the letter again, a little ashamed of her recent petulance. Cousin Geoffrey asked a service of her, for which he would pay. Would she personally inquire at the Vatican Mint if the medal struck by Gregory XIII. in commemoration of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew still formed a portion of the papal collection? Also, if a duplicate could be obtained and sent him in England? Margaret's lip curled slightly. Oh yes, she would perform this trifling service for Cousin Geoffrey, who remembered her when—a St. Bartholomew Medal was needed.

Next morning a slender woman attired in black, and followed sedately by a little white dog, appeared in the streets of Rome. She knew nothing of coins, and doubted if she could gain admission to the Papal Mint without preliminary interviews with some "monsignore" in authority. First she made inquiries in the shops of various collectors, obtained only the most unsatisfactory results, and then decided to seek a connoisseur, to whom she was directed by one of the shop-men. The connoisseur kept her waiting an hour while he ate his breakfast, and then met her question with the most voluble explanations, which lasted another hour, and called into action the play of every feature of his face, every muscle of his Southern body. If the visit to the shops was unsatisfactory, that to the amateur collector was sufficiently decisive. No such medal existed. Should he not know? The French coin of King Charles IX. was the only memorial of St. Bartholomew.

Margaret Blount returned home and seated herself at her desk to write Cousin Geoffrey. With the pen hovering over the sheet she paused. Stay! she had taken the word of others instead of informing herself. The connoisseur *must* know! She possessed that curious tenacity and steadiness of purpose so often discoverable in very quiet women.

The following morning the omnibus deposited her in the piazza of St. Peter. She crossed before the basilica, passed around the side, and gained the rear. The Vatican and vast church basked in the radiance of morning, undisturbed by the events soon to overshadow both. At each portal was the fringe of Swiss Guards, while a line of carriages containing tourists crawled up the slope of pavement to the entrance of the museum.

"Where is the Mint?" demanded Margaret Blount, quite boldly, of a guard.

The guard pointed to the row of inferior buildings on the left, reached by a ragged lane, surrounded by the débris of labor and patches of vegetable gardens. She mounted the slope, rang at the door indicated, was admitted by a civil porter, and ascended to the first floor. The building resounded with the hum of machinery; a great wheel revolved on one side. Margaret was puzzled that the porter demanded no pass, and so readily admitted a stranger. She next found herself in an office, with a show-case full of medals, and a courteous superintendent ready to serve her. The solution of all was that the Italian government have taken possession of the Vatican Mint, where each medal is duplicated in bronze or silver, and sold according to a tariff rate.

Margaret received the beautiful St. Bartholomew Medal without difficulty, and paid for it eleven soldi. On one side the head of Gregory XIII., Hugo Buoncompagno, of Bologna, confronted her; on the reverse an angel, with drawn sword in one hand and cross upheld in the other, drove from Paradise a throng of affrighted and falling warriors in armor. It was thus that the French king expelled from earth those enemies of his Holiness, the Protestants, on the eve of St. Bartholomew. Why had the connoisseur taken such pains to assure her that no such papal medal existed? She never knew.

What a field of interest to the student did that single show-case of the mint reveal! Here was a large disk of burnished metal bearing the portrait of Paul IV., Giovanni Pietro Caraffa, thin, with deep-set eyes, the powerful, furious, wrong-headed old man of seventy-nine, whose beverage was the black, fiery Neapolitan wine "maugra guerra," over which he annihilated his enemies with words; who played the game of politics, hating Spain, favoring France, intriguing with both, until the Duke of Alva appeared before Rome one day. When Elizabeth sent him notice of her accession, Paul stubbornly replied that she must first submit her claims to sovereignty to his judgment. Elizabeth laughed, and England was lost. The reverse of the medal represents Christ driving the money-changers from the Temple—emblematic of the Pope's reforms. Here is Pius III., aquiline, hollow-cheeked, with richly embroidered collar; on the reverse, the crescent of the Piccolomini of Siena and the papal keys. Here is Marcellus II., of holy life, who reigned only twenty-two days; and here Julius III., who, as Cardinal Monte, proposed himself for the next Pope, and later delighted to plant the trees of that famous villa just outside the Porta del Popolo. Clement VIII., grave, large, affable; Innocent X., the weak, ruled by his sister-in-law Dame Olympia; even that Sixtus V. whose father, firm in the faith of his future glory, used to bid the neighbors kiss the baby's foot, as sometime Pope—all these Margaret Blount could have sent to Cousin Geoffrey for the asking.

She went home, put the medal in a stout envelope, registered it at the post-office, and resumed her usual avocations. Cousin Geoffrey's acknowledgments came by return of mail, and were almost effusive. He was glad to obtain the medal for his client Major Cupples. This was the first time Margaret Blount ever heard the name of Major Cupples.

II.—HOW IT WAS WON.

The St. Bartholomew Medal arrived safely at Primrose Hall. Margaret Blount, on her roof at Rome, could not divine the interest its advent occasioned. Not only was the quiet routine of country life rippled by the circumstance, but the enthusiasm of the collector received a fresh stimulus. Who save Cousin Geoffrey brought the package, gratified to be the person of service in the matter to a new client? Cousin Geoffrey would fain take all the credit of the purchase to himself, while deprecating his own efficiency. It was a mere trifle. When the major had expressed a desire to buy a St. Bartholomew Medal, he had bethought him of a relative long resident at Rome, who could search in the Vatican Mint. Ah! was the relative also a collector? No, a lady.

"Dear me, what a clever woman she must be!" exclaimed the major, briskly.

Of course Cousin Geoffrey was detained to dinner. When local topics of conversation had been exhausted, the major's thoughts reverted to the clever woman at Rome who had found the medal, as a subject of discussion most agreeable to her kinsman Geoffrey. How little pleasure did Cousin Geoffrey actually feel! Margaret, at all times an obstinate creature, had served him to gratify the whim of a rich man. If she ever came to want, as she must do sooner or later, he anticipated extending to her the Christian charity of a blood-relation. In the mean while she took her own course.

"Your relative lives at Rome, eh? She is an invalid, perhaps," said the major, sipping his glass of port.

"Not an invalid," replied Cousin Geoffrey, somewhat dryly; "she is a student of art—in fact, an artist."

"Pray express my acknowledgments of her kindness," said the major.

This turn of conversation was most irksome to the guest, and the more brief his responses the more abrupt and persistent became the questions of his host. The fact of the matter was that the first desultory inquiries of the collector had resulted in a sudden curiosity to form a picture of this woman at Rome clear to his own mind. Margaret Blount was the human being attached to a St. Bartholomew Medal in the estimation of Major Cupples. Was she young or old? How many years had she studied at Rome? Did she paint well? What was her *spécialité?* Could he not see her pictures at Cousin Geoffrey's house? He was not much of a judge of art, but he liked to look at a good collection. All these questions and more the afflicted Cousin Geoffrey was obliged to answer as best he might, moving uneasily on his chair, sighing deeply, and gaining time for a moment's reflection while draining his wine-glass before stating what Margaret's best vein of talent as an artist might be. He did not know. He had, indeed, never inquired. Her pictures did not find their way to London exhibitions—a fact which spoke for itself.

Then ensued busy mornings at Primrose Hall, where the major pored over books of reference on the library shelves, and re-arranged his drawers of coins and medals. The setting of the St. Bartholomew Medal was a matter of grave consideration. Now it was made the centre of a case, with a circle of silver coins of the Italian cities placed around it; again, it was consigned to the company of a Medici medallion and that of Malatesta of Rimini, with a quaint picture of his feudal towers on the reverse.

One day the major closed his cases, locked them, and went to London.

Up on her roof Margaret Blount worked and waited, her face growing thin, her blue eyes dwelling ever more anxiously on the task before her, in the dread of a future she scarcely dared to anticipate. Below there in the city were dark and crooked streets in which poverty might so readily ingulf one; beyond the line of sapphire-tinted hills on the horizon was a cold, unfriendly England and Cousin Geoffrey. The season had been a bad one; she had obtained no pupils in the families frequenting Rome for the winter, and her sketches in the shop windows had not sold. When the next quarter of rent came due she must part with the remaining jewels of her mother to defray the expense, unless unexpected good fortune befell her in the mean time. That was approaching very near the end. The end?

The artist sighed, and surveyed the picture she had just completed. So self-absorbed and isolated was her existence that the great events transpiring in Rome startled without arresting her usual train of painful reflections. The King had died in January, and now the Pope was dead; the surging hum of multitudes rose faintly to her ear. At night the porter brought wonderful news to the house-top, gleaned chiefly from the gossip of the town. The little children rehearsed to Margaret Blount the pageants and crowds which delighted them, with the true dramatic instinct of their race, gesticulating with their arms, stamping their feet, lights and shadows of frowns rippling over their mobile features. If she went out, she was only a waif caught in the great sea of popular agitation, and escaped to her height again for refuge.

The completed picture was a study of the great sala of the Colonna Palace in water-colors. It was her most ambitious work. Margaret Blount usually selected interiors, such quiet nooks as the chapels of old churches, where she was lost and unperceived while at her work. Spectators made her nervous and helpless.

Palaces either attracted or repelled her, like people. She did not care for the mouldy, dilapidated Spada Palace, where modern officials pass through the hall dedicated to Pompey's statue, the well-kept magnificence of the Doria, or the cold and stately Borghese. The Colonna won all her interest. In her picture one saw again the vast state apartment, with the glimpse of old Italian gardens at the further end; terrace and balustrade, set with busts, in a frame of green shrubbery; the floor of lustrous marbles, the steps broken by the French cannon-ball still resting on them, the red column on its superb pedestal, and the long windows through which the sunshine comes, each incased in polished stone as rich as veined agate, the crystal chandeliers sparkling like pyramids of diamonds. The brush of Margaret had lingered lovingly on the gilded escutcheons, cabinets, carvings, and great portraits on the upper wall; a warlike Colonna on horseback, by Van Dyck, with an angel bearing the family column in the clouds; or a stately dame of the race in black velvet, with long patrician hands; and a little son, in russet and yellow, standing before her. The glitter of gold, the sparkle of crystal, the blended beauty of mosaics, and that vista of state chamber Margaret had minutely and accurately reproduced.

"I can do no more," she thought, and laid aside her palette.

Just then the poodle barked, and cocked one ear. The porter's wife appeared with a letter—actually another letter! Margaret read this one quietly; the color mounted to her cheek in a healthy glow; her eyes sparkled. She sat quite still when she had mastered the contents, with an incredulous smile hovering about her lips, like a person afraid of awakening from a delightful dream. Pietro the parrot hopped on her shoulder, and made several guttural remarks in her ear. She did not hear. Bello the poodle came and sat on his hind-legs—always an act of especial favor—thrusting out a tiny red tongue. She did not see. Ah, how many years she seemed to have waited for the envelope between her fingers!

The letter was from a stranger attached to one of the London galleries of exhibition. He inquired if she had no pictures to exhibit this year, and also stated that if she consigned such to his care, he would willingly attend to the requisite framing, possible sale, and submit them to the committee of approval. Margaret Blount had always lacked this channel to reach the public in other cities—an exhibitor. Here one proposed himself, as an ardent wish is granted by the stroke of a fairy's wand. How did the correspondent learn her address? Here she gave to her head a little toss, expressive of a pardonable self-complacency. How could she divine where the seeds her sketches scattered in the shop windows had drifted by this time?

The dog and parrot were neglected while that glowing picture of the Colonna Palace was placed tenderly between sheets of delicate tissue-paper and then stanch boards. The little craft was launched safely, and followed anxiously by that lonely woman on the house-top in dread of shipwreck. Oh, the hopes and fears! oh, the conflicting thoughts, conjectures, surmises, in sleepless nights and long, silent days! The unknown was approaching very near the threshold—very near—could Margaret have recognized it in her own troubled heart-throbs and suspense.

Two weeks later the fairy's wand was again waved. The art agent had sold her picture before the exhibition, and inclosed a draft for one hundred pounds. Never was the Roman sky so blue, with soft depths toward the horizon, never had such a flood of golden sunshine rained down on the Eternal City. At first Margaret Blount sobbed and laughed, could see nothing because of the dazzling stars which seemed to dart through her brain and flicker before her eyes. The other residents of the roof soon became aware of the advent of good fortune; the porter's wife and mother nodded and laughed while wringing the clothes, and the children speedily enjoyed a feast. The very hens flapped their wings with an aspect of intelligence. When one's heart is very full of gratitude, one's neighbors inevitably share it. Margaret hugged the poodle until it yelped with indignation, and bestowed on the parrot a surfeit of sugar. Outside the window her terrace bloomed with a dewy freshness and fragrance she had never before observed; the tiny orange-tree was powdered with blossoms; the fuchsia sprays quivered in the light breeze.

Spring, the Roman spring, was approaching, all light, hope, and balmy softness. Margaret Blount found promise in sky and earth. Her mother's jewels, the diamonds up in the cracked china jar, might remain there for a time longer. The crisp note of a hundred pounds had driven away the wolf.

Some weeks later a gentleman entered the black door of the building where Margaret Blount lived, was inspected by the porter seated in his little box partitioned off at the foot of the staircase, and directed to ascend. The stranger did ascend accordingly, with the aid of a cane, some difficulty in locomotion, and many grumbling remarks addressed to the wall or the story above, peculiar to eccentric individuals when no longer young. At each landing he paused to remove his hat, wipe his brow, and pant for breath, then the cane tapped steadily on the flight above. Finally, the roof was gained—the roof visible in its most unsightly aspect on a rainy day, with party-colored raiment hanging on the line, the porter's children rioting in the puddles, and a frightful disorder incident to heaping together heterogeneous articles out of the wet under protecting eaves. To be sure, one corner was neatly kept, with a little orange-tree against the wall, its yellow balls of fruit rain-washed. The aspect of this lofty abode disconcerted the visitor. He turned back, believing that he had made a mistake, until he saw on the side of the door a modest card bearing the name of Margaret Blount. "Bless my soul! what a place to live!" he exclaimed. Then he picked his way across the roof to the door of the studio, the porter's family watching him with the most lively curiosity. His unexpected advent created confusion in the dominions of Margaret Blount. The parrot flew up in the air with harsh cries; the poodle launched into such a frenzy of barking that he whirled about like a top, and retired under a sofa.

"Madam, would you advise me to make a collection of papal medals at the Vatican Mint?" he demanded, abruptly.

"If they interest you," she replied, quietly.

Then he introduced himself, accepted the chair proffered him, and they looked at each other.

"What a handsome old gentleman!" thought Margaret, admiring his tall, erect figure, with the unmistakable military bearing, bronzed complexion, and snowy beard.

"I supposed she was an old woman," reflected Major Cupples.

Margaret was not the same person: color glowed in her face, rendering it more soft and youthful; her step was almost assured; her appearance cheerful. A little success had wrought this magical change so apparent to all about her. As if in honor of this visit, she actually wore a rose in the knot of ribbon at her throat, and her attire—neat, dainty, possibly a trifle prim—had none of the artistic negligence which the major anticipated with the extreme of aversion. Evidently *she* was not made for an artist, he reasoned.

Major Cupples had come all the way to Rome in pursuit of coins and medals; the spring tour would benefit his health. His first resolve was to find Margaret Blount and consult her. Was she not the clever woman who bought the St. Bartholomew Medal?

He did not return to England that summer. It is a remarkable fact that he sought a mineral bath of Tuscany for his rheumatism, where Margaret Blount also spent the warm months studying the beauties of the Apennine scenery.

In the autumn Cousin Geoffrey received a letter from his absent client requesting that he should come to London for the purpose of giving away his kinswoman Margaret Blount, the lady having consented to marry Major Cupples and become mistress of Primrose Hall. Cousin Geoffrey's astonishment deprived him of sleep and appetite for twenty-four hours. He went to London, however, was very attentive to a pretty, faded bride, attired in sober colors, but wearing jewels in an antique setting. These were the relics left in the cracked china jar so long, and which now formed a diamond bridge to the peaceful future.

There arrived at Primrose Hall a new mistress, bringing a fat poodle of suspicious disposition, and a parrot with decided opinions of its own. This new mistress, still incredulous of her happiness, was not slow to make a discovery. A picture representing the interior of the state apartment of the Colonna Palace hung on the wall, and below it a bronze medal, also framed, commemorative of St. Bartholomew. Major Cupples had been instrumental in sending for this *chef-d'œuvre*, which he bought on its arrival in London.

Margaret gazed at it, her eyes full of tears. Her little bubble of vanity as an artist burst: she laid aside the brush and palette forever.

Up there on the Roman roof the porter's children throve, the clothes still fluttered on lines, the fowls strutted, but the Signora Inglese, with her gentle smile, her pets, and orange-tree, had vanished. Her successor was a Brazilian art student, swarthy, and with the long black hair of an Indian; pipes and cigar ashes strewed the terrace; heads in chalk and crayon adorned the walls, from which the neat little water-color sketches of the former occupant had faded like her own presence.

This change, swift, unexpected, and beautiful, had all been occasioned by a St. Bartholomew Medal.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Harper's "Library of American Fiction," devoted exclusively, as the name implies, to the productions of American writers, commences with two remarkable novels—one, *Esther Pennefather*, by Alice Perry, a new name in literature; the other, *Justine's Lovers*, by an author who for the present prefers to remain unknown. Both novels have arrested public attention in a very marked manner; and even the unfavorable judgments pronounced upon them by a portion of the press show them to possess a power, originality, and individual character which lift them above the range of ordinary novels. *Esther Pennefather* is not a "pleasant" story. It deals with characters, situations, and emotions not often encountered in real life, but none the less actual and genuine; while the force with which they are portrayed, the graphic word-painting of character, the interest with which the various personages of the story are invested, lend a strange fascination to the narrative, and keep the reader's attention fixed from the beginning to the end. Admitting that the general tone of the novel is morbid, the bright and happy episode of Elsie's love story, which is skillfully introduced as a contrast to the sombre gloom that overshadows most of the other characters, can not fail to make the moral impression of the whole entirely unexceptionable. The only happy persons in the story are Elsie and her lover, whose lives are pure, healthful, and serene, unmarred by morbid passions, unmixed with sin; and this is the lesson which the novel was designed to teach, and which is enforced by the best means known to art—that of powerfully drawn contrasts.

—*Justine's Lovers*, the second novel in the American series, is a bright and sparkling love story, with an ingenious plot and an array of well-drawn characters. We are not at liberty to break the author's incognito, but it is a story which will make its way into the affections of the public without the prestige of a popular name. Some reviewers will be surprised, when the time for the disclosure comes, at the wildness of their surmises as to the authorship, and the irrelevancy of their comments.

—*The Sportsman's Gazetteer and General Guide*, by Charles Hallock ("Forest and Stream" Publishing Company), is one of the best and most comprehensive books of the kind ever given to the public. It has already been noticed in the *Weekly*; but in the interest of the large number of persons who will soon depart for the country on summer sports intent, we mention it again. It contains several beautifully engraved maps, showing the different sporting regions of the United States and Canada, and besides affording all the information which a sportsman may require in regard to equipment, camping out, game, etc., it may be used as a guide-book by tourists who never handle rod or gun, and who only wish to know the general character of the regions they may visit. As a book of reference on all matters relating to camping out and life in the fields and woods it is without a rival.

—The first and second parts of *The Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, edited by George Grove, D.C.L., and published by Macmillan & Co., have appeared. The work, which will be completed in about twelve quarterly parts, promises to be one of great interest and value, which no one who cares to know about music and its history will be without. The most eminent writers are employed in preparing it, the typographical appearance is excellent, and its pages are adorned with portraits and other illustrations.

—Charles Reade's interesting and valuable letters to *Harper's Weekly* on "The Coming Man" have been collected and published in "Harper's Half-hour Series." These letters created an extraordinary excitement in this country and in England, and our readers will be glad of the opportunity now afforded to obtain them in this neat and attractive form.

—In establishing the "Franklin Square Library" Harper & Brothers designed to supply the great demand for inexpensive reading with a series of works by the best English authors at a price which would bring them within the reach of every one. Four numbers, each complete in itself, have already appeared, printed on good paper, and in clear, readable type. These are: *Is He Popenjoy?* by Anthony Trollope; *History of a Crime*, by Victor Hugo; *Paul Knox Pitman*, by J. B. Harwood; and *The Russians of To-day*, by the author of *The Member for Paris*. With the exception of the first, which is published at fifteen cents, these popular works may be purchased at the low price of ten cents each.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 23.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 24.—St. John the Baptist.
Saturday, 29.—St. Peter.
Sunday, 30.—Second Sunday after Trinity.

The late Earl Russell received from his countrymen only a few days before his decease an expression of their appreciation of his public services which must have been very grateful to his feelings. On May 9 occurred the fiftieth anniversary of the repeal of the Corporation and Test acts, by which English Non-conformists had been oppressed from the time of the Stuart kings. Under their operation all Non-conformists were effectually excluded from public office. No important public position could be held unless the incumbent took the Lord's Supper according to the forms of the Church of England. These acts had lost much of their force before their repeal, but to Earl Russell belongs the honor of sweeping them from the statute-books by his motion submitted to Parliament February 26, 1828, and carried May 9 of that year.

On the 9th of May of this year a deputation called on Earl Russell, at his home near London, to present to him an address adopted at an enthusiastic meeting held in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle the night before. The earl was too ill to receive the deputies; his place was, however, well supplied by his wife, who read an appropriate acknowledgment. A few days after this interesting event the earl died. He heard in these words of approval from his countrymen the first notes of those tributes of honor which posterity will pay to his memory.

The Presbyterian General Assembly adjourned on May 28, after a short and harmonious session. Much work was, however, done. The appeal of the Rev. I. M. See, of Newark, was decided against the appellant. Mr. See had permitted women to occupy his pulpit, and had for so doing been condemned by Presbytery and Synod. The vote stood—to sustain the appeal, 85; to sustain in part, 71; not to sustain, 201. So the General Assembly declines to permit women to address mixed congregations. A plan of reduced representation was adopted and sent down to the Presbyteries. It enacts that there shall be one Commissioner from each Presbytery containing not more than 2500 ministers and communicants combined; two from every Presbytery having more than 2500 and not more than 5000 ministers and members; and so on, adding one Commissioner for every 2500 ministers and members. The next Assembly will meet at Saratoga, and will pay its own way; for this purpose the sum of two cents per member is assessed upon the entire Church.

The latest reports from Rome in relation to the health of the Pope are very unfavorable. A recent dispatch describes him as "distressed in mind by the plots and cabals designed to prevent the reforms he proposes."

The Liberationists of England, who have undertaken the task of disestablishing the state Church, are in the very best of spirits. Notwithstanding the absorbing interest of the Eastern question, they have, during the year ending May 1, held 930 lectures and public meetings, and have called into their service 100 public speakers. In nearly every Parliamentary borough a council of the society has been formed. The demonstration of the success of disestablishment in Ireland is greatly enforcing the arguments of the orators and writers of the society. At the anniversary, held on May 8, one of the most vigorous of the speeches of the occasion was delivered by Goldwin Smith. The society spends about $75,000 yearly in carrying its work forward.

The Baptists of England make a fine showing for their foreign mission work during the year 1877. The total receipts were £50,068, which was £7540 above the receipts of the year preceding. It was reported at the annual meetings held in London early in May that the Baptists of England had increased 200 per cent. in twenty years. In 1857 the number of communicants reported was 86,407; in 1878 it is 269,800.

"An Israelite indeed!" will be the spontaneous tribute to the memory of the Rev. S. M. Isaacs from all who knew him. Mr. Isaacs filled an important position in the Jewish community, and rendered valuable services to the churches of that ancient faith. He was the first rabbi in New York to preach in the English language, and for nearly forty years ministered to the congregation now worshipping in the West Forty-fourth Street Synagogue. He was one of the founders of the "Board of Delegates of American Israelites," and one of the projectors of the Mount Sinai Hospital. The *Jewish Messenger*, of which he was editor, has, by its dignity and charity for all men, won the esteem of Christian as well as Jewish readers. For Mr. Isaacs was broad in his sympathies; he numbered among his friends good men of all creeds, and good men of all creeds have given expression to their high appreciation of his character and life.

The Antonelli will case is expected to make farther progress in the month of June. The last decision of the court was that the Countess Lambertini might offer testimony to prove her paternity. The Antonelli lawyers have appealed from this decision. It is expected that the testimony of one hundred and fifty witnesses will be taken. The countess's lawyers estimate the value of the estate left by the cardinal secretary at ten million francs.

Lord Penzance has again ordered a commitment to prison for contempt of his court. The offender in this instance is the Rev. Mr. Edwards, who has refused to appear and answer the charge of indulging in ritualistic practices. The Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, of St. Albans, London, has been sentenced to suspension and deprivation of his benefice for three years. Mr. Mackonochie has refused to obey the monitions given him. The style of worship and ornamentation adopted by this clergyman has often been described. He had intimated very plainly his purpose not to obey the order to change it. Suspension and deprivation have not apparently diminished either the numbers or the zeal of the English ritualists.

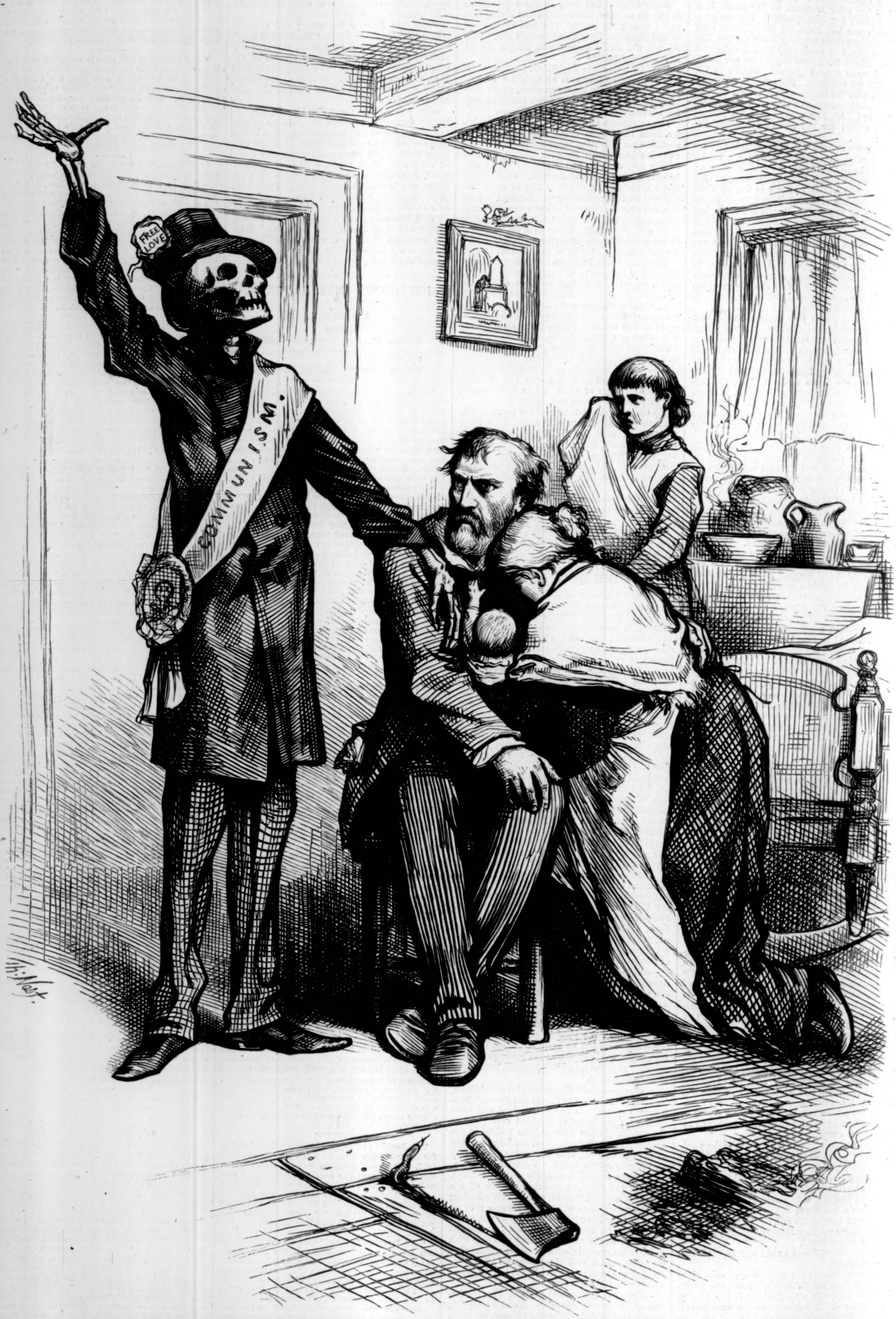
Among the important conventions held this spring was one of the United Brethren in Christ, which opened in Dayton, Ohio, May 21, and continued in session for several days. Its object was to liberalize the constitution of the Church by securing lay representation in the General Conference, a modification of the law against secret societies, and a better position for unofficial journalism. The resolutions adopted called strongly for all these concessions. The union of the United Brethren with the Albright Methodists was also advocated. The members of the Convention determined to establish an unofficial paper for the propagation of their opinions.

The report that Father Curci, the ex-Jesuit scholar and author, had been summoned to Rome has had an outcome which was not expected by those who insist that the policy of the new Pope will be liberal. Father Curci has gone to Rome, but only to make his submission. The surrender is complete. "He deplores," is the language of his letter, "all the bitterness caused by his writings and acts to your Holiness and to your predecessor, having always nourished the sincerest sentiments of filial homage and most docile obedience to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, to whom he submits his judgment as to the only legitimate and competent judge of what appertains to the true benefit and advantage of the Church and the good of souls."

The London Missionary Society, which is supported by Non-conformists, reports for the year just closed receipts to the amount of £63,847, or, adding legacies and all other sources of income, £138,132. Besides its famous missions in the island of Madagascar, this society has established a successful mission at Lake Ngami, in Central Africa. The public discussion of the influence of the "Palace Church" in Madagascar upon the work of the society has, on the whole, done good. This Church, which is under the immediate control of the Queen and her Prime Minister, supervises 14 evangelists, 852 native preachers, 159 native schools, 9375 scholars, 159 congregations, 22,880 native members, and 57,180 adherents. Both the Queen and her minister have disclaimed any desire to exercise undue authority over the churches, in whose progress they evidently take a deep interest.

After a painful suspense of six months, which have elapsed since the declaration of the Leicester Conference, the Congregational Union of Great Britain has declared itself to be a representative of the principles known as Evangelical. The Leicester resolutions, which were adopted by a company of Congregational ministers, proposed that theological dogma should not enter into the terms of Church communion. At the spring meeting of the Union almost exclusive attention was given to this subject. The opening sermon was devoted to it. The debate upon it was adjourned in order to give opportunity for the freest expression of opinion. Finally the following declaration was adopted, only a few dissenting: "That the Assembly appeals to the history of the Congregationalist churches generally as evidence that Congregationalists have always regarded the acceptance of the facts and doctrines of the Evangelical faith, revealed in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as an essential condition of religious communion in Congregational churches; and that among these have always been included the incarnation, the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, His resurrection, His ascension and mediatorial reign, and the work of the Holy Spirit in the renewal of men."

The corporate union of Christendom in a single Church one would think a dream beyond the possibility of realization, and yet there are earnest men, who are scholars too, in whose minds the dream is a waking vision. On May 14 a meeting for the promotion of this object was held at Keble College, Oxford, under the presidency of the Bishop of Bombay. It was expected that representatives of the Roman, Greek, and Anglican churches would take part in the proceedings. Among the Church of England clergymen announced to be present were Canon Liddon, the warden of Keble College, and the Chancellor of the diocese of Lincoln. The resolutions to be considered were the following: "(1) That the advance of the infidel movement throughout Europe, and the actual or threatened dissolution of the relations of church and state, constitute a fresh call on sincere believers to pray and labor earnestly for the reunion of Christendom in one faith and one fold; (2) that the accession of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., and the re-awakening of life in Eastern Christianity, afford at the present moment special grounds for renewed energy and hope; (3) that the ultimate aim and solution of the Oxford movement of 1833 must be sought in the restoration of the corporate unity of Christendom."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COMMUNISM.
Th. Nast.

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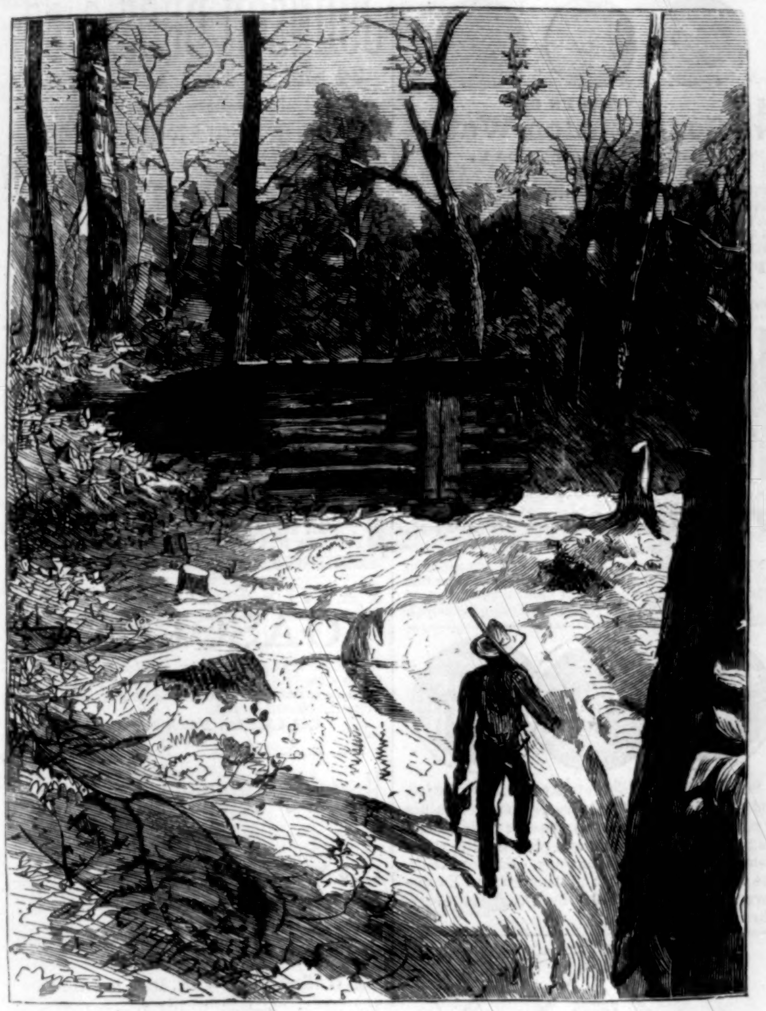
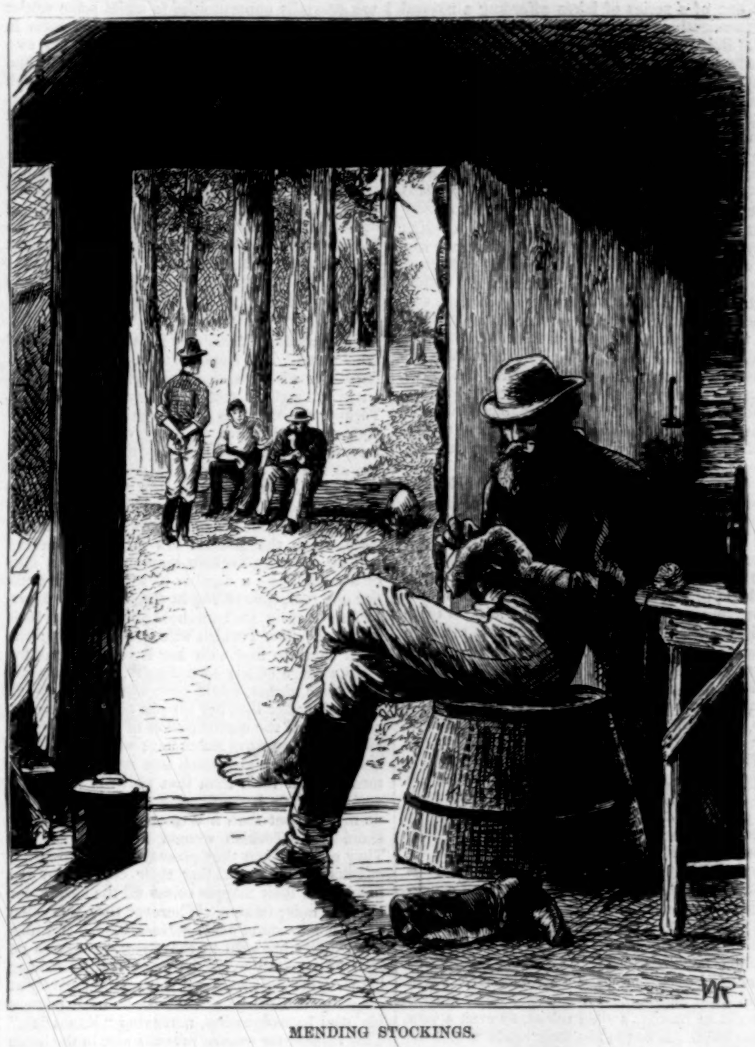
DESTROYER OF ALL. "Home ties are nothing. Family ties are nothing. Every thing that is—is nothing."



FIRST RESIDENCE IN THE BACKWOODS.



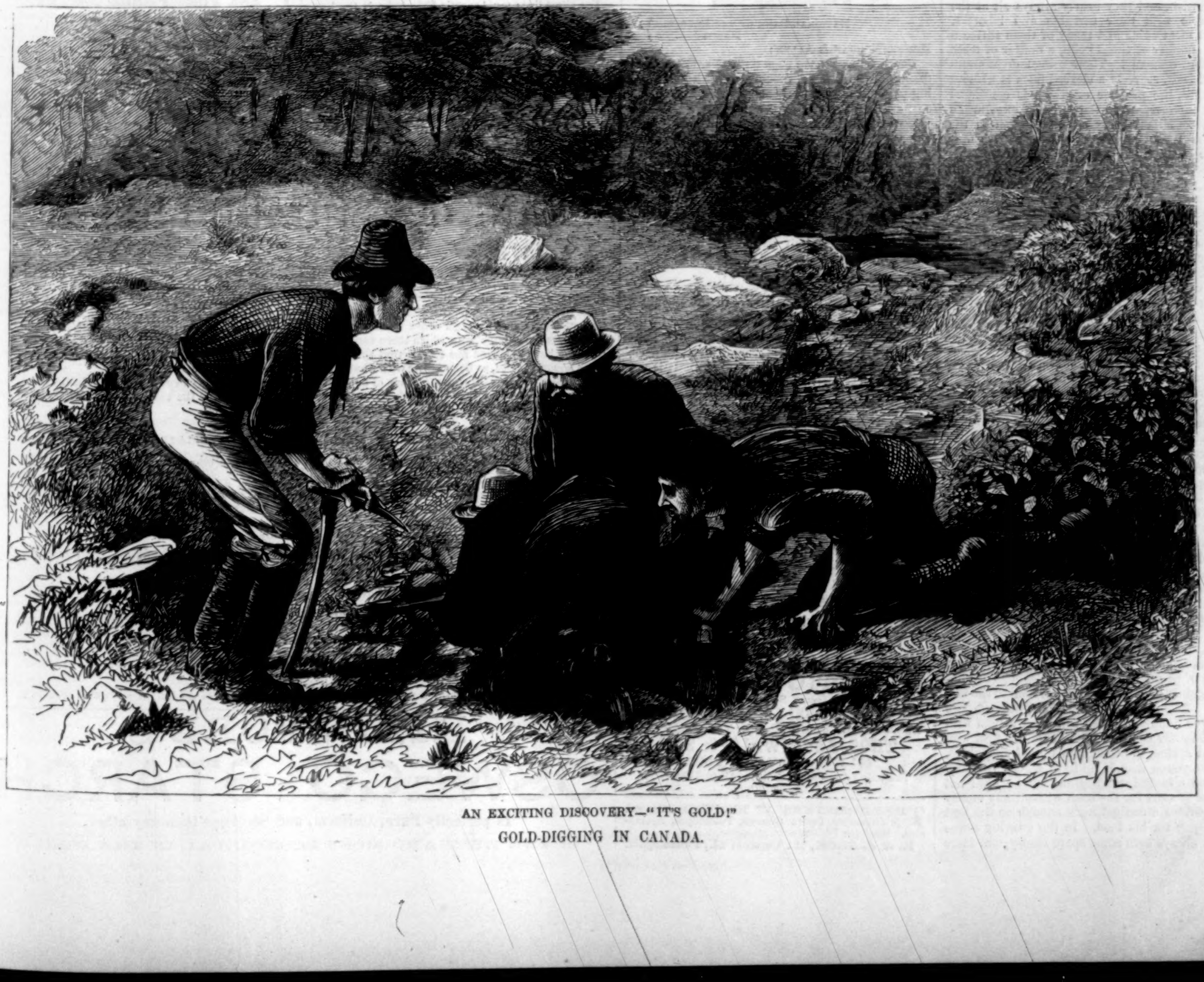
MENDING STOCKINGS.

GOLD-DIGGING IN CANADA.

THOSE who are accustomed to think of Canada as a barren and dreary country with a most inhospitable climate will be surprised to learn that in the matter of attracting emigrants this province has of late become a most prosperous and successful rival of the United States. Indeed, the rapid increase of population and settlements in Canada, and the growth of its cities and towns, are among the great marvels of the present century. As an English writer remarks: "The growth of Canada in population has been overlooked in the scope of the wondering gaze which Europe has fixed on the development of the United States, although in fact the increase of Canadians in the land has been quite as astonishing as that of the Americans south of the St. Lawrence."

In regard to the climate of Canada the most erroneous opinions have prevailed. The so-called rigors of the Canadian winter, which are advanced as a serious objection to the country, are frequently less disagreeable than the moisture and dampness that prevail further south, while the heavy snow-falls are in every case a great benefit to the farmer. The spring, which begins in the middle of April, is a season of unusual beauty, and the summer is prolific in agricultural and garden products. From the head of Lake Ontario, round by the Niagara frontier, and all along the Canadian shores of Lake Erie, the grape and peach grow luxuriantly and ripen in the open air without the slightest artificial aid. The Island of Montreal is distinguished every where for the fine quality of its apples, and the Island of Orleans, below Quebec, is equally celebrated for its plums. Over the whole of Canada the melon and the tomato acquire large dimensions and ripen fully in the open air, the seeds being planted in the soil toward the latter end of April, and the fruit gathered in September. As for the pumpkin and the squash, specimens weighing over 300 pounds have been exhibited in the neighborhood of Toronto. Indian corn, hops, and tobacco are common crops, and yield fair returns, while hemp and flax are indigenous plants, and can be cultivated to any extent in many parts of the province.

The portion of Canada to which attention is directed in our sketches lies in the neighborhood of Lake Muskoka, in the Free Grant District—a most attractive place to settlers. Muskoka is



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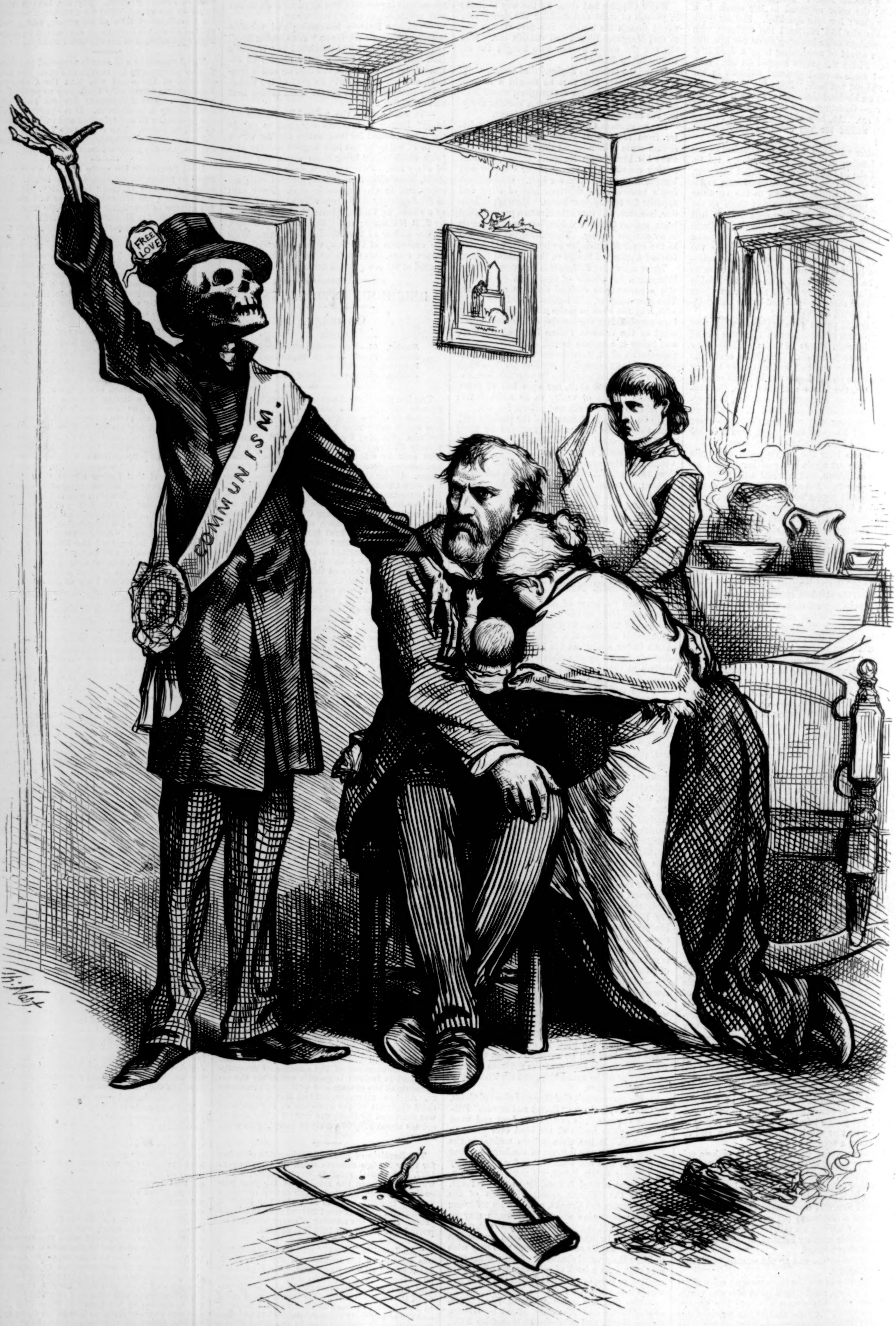
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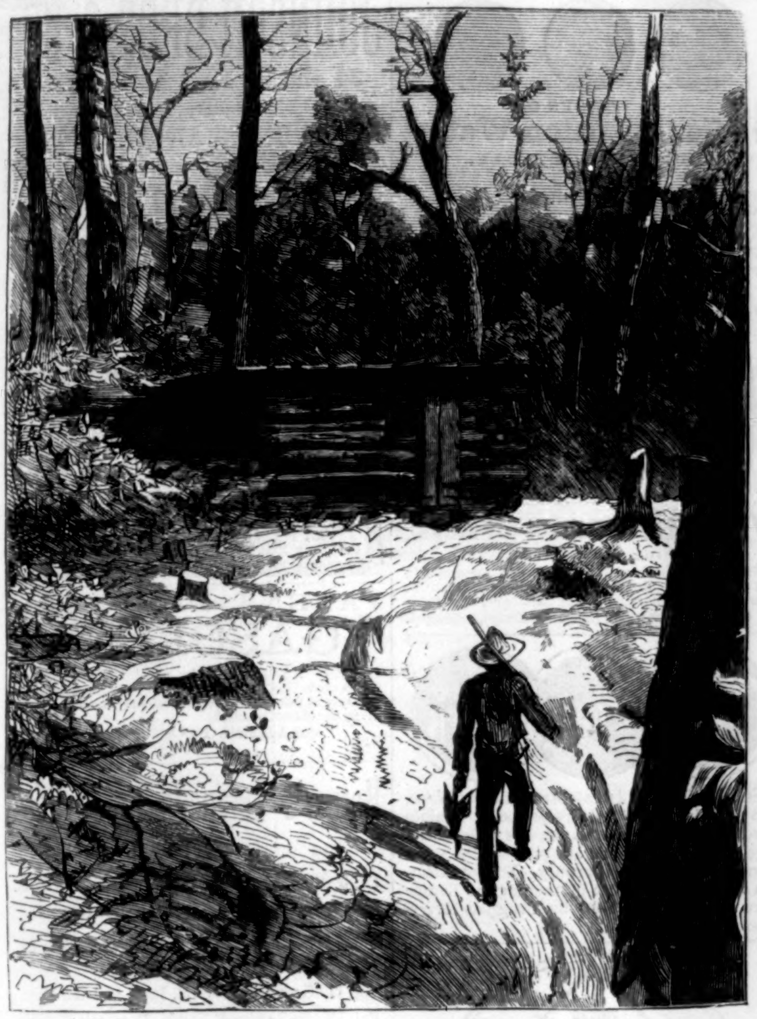

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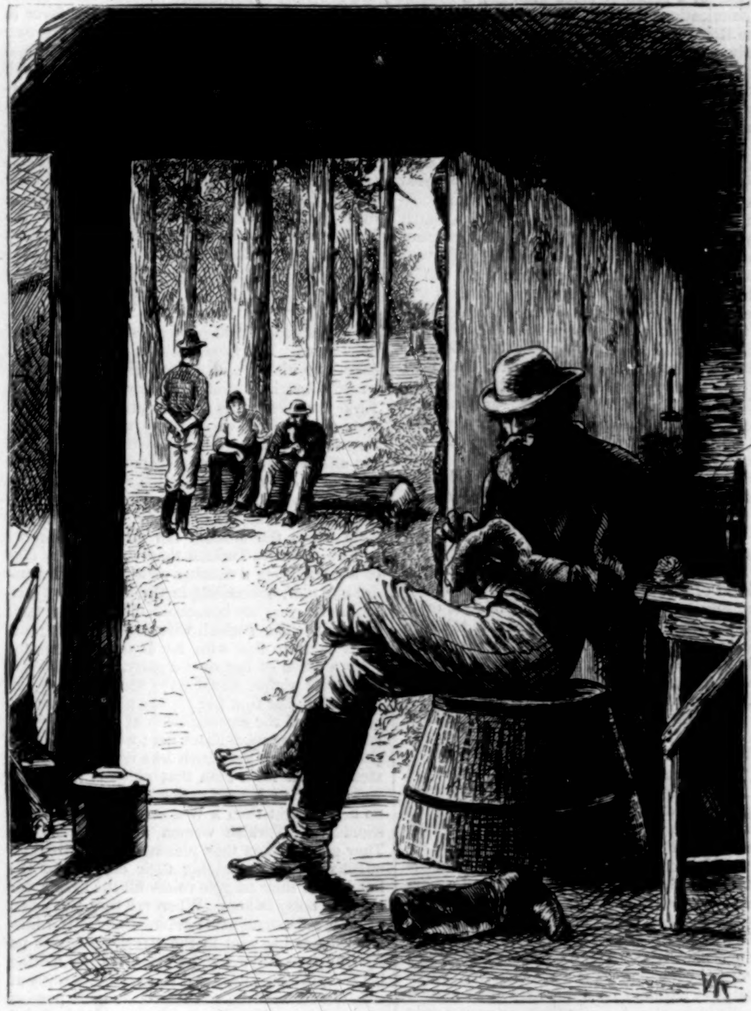

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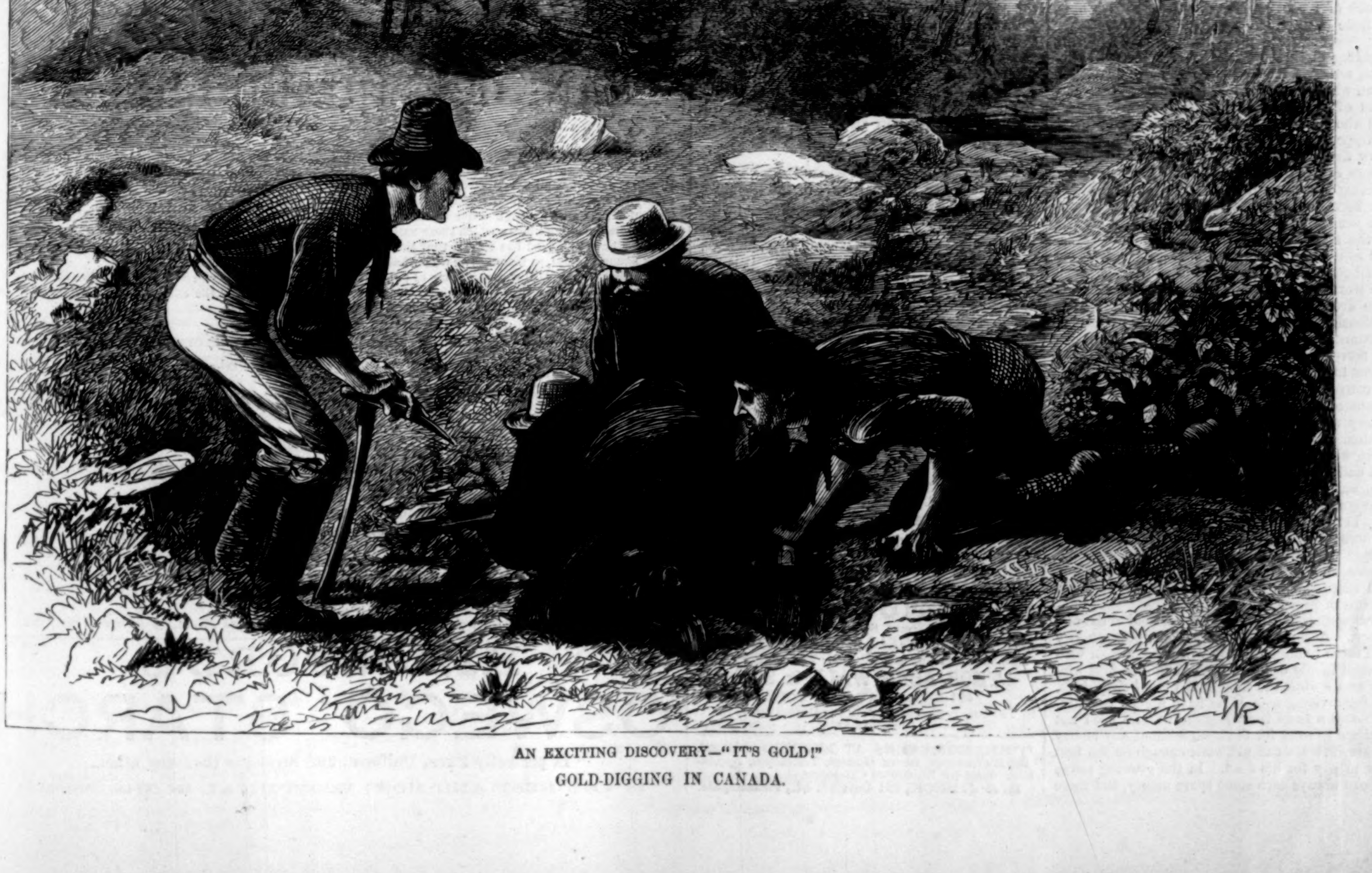

AN EXCITING DISCOVERY—"IT'S GOLD!"

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but one of a series of lakes affording a natural communication throughout the whole district. Lake Rousseau, lying just to the north, is an eminently picturesque sheet of water of irregular shape, with hilly well-wooded shores, and filled with islands. Lake St. Joseph, still further north, may boast of even greater beauty. The proportion of land capable of cultivation throughout the district is probably fifty per cent. In some sections it has been estimated at sixty or even seventy per cent. Settlers are frequently heard to say that the most stony districts are no worse than those parts of the old country from which they came, and if half the extent of a farm can be used for agricultural purposes, it is quite sufficient. The wooded half will supply the settler with materials for his out-buildings, barns, and fences, and with the all-important article of fuel. In the wildest parts, also, a rank grass grows freely round the stones, on which cattle feed well. Recently a new excitement has broken out in the district, investing the land with an enormous suppostitious value. Gold has been found in small quantities; but the doubt yet remains as to whether it offers a sufficient inducement to tempt miners. One resident of the district writes us:

"That gold has been found in the Muskoka district is an indisputable fact, but whether in paying quantities remains yet to be proved. It is to the interest of the finders to keep their good luck 'dark,' and hence the difficulty of obtaining trustworthy information. Around the immediate neighborhood of Lake Rousseau the quartz looks most promising, and a near neighbor of mine is quite satisfied with numerous samples he has taken to Toronto for examination. My own ground also promises well, but I am striving to repress any undue excitement, as in these days the first duty of an emigrant is to look hard work in the face, and cast on one side the idea of making a fortune in a day."

The settlers in the Free Grant District employ the same means to get their houses raised as did our New England ancestors. First the logs must be procured one by one from the neighboring forest, and then, when enough are ready, a "bee" is held, and all the neighbors round come to assist in raising the new dwelling. The "bee" is popular; it affords a pleasant variety and excitement to the backwoods life; it appeals to the social propensities; it allows opportunities for discussing new projects, soliciting good advice, and forming new friendships. Besides, every one who comes expects to have a bee himself. There is no knowing how soon he may want a crop brought in hastily, a shed raised, or even a new house built. A bee in the backwoods is the *fête*, the club, the town-hall, the labor convention of the whole community. Usually at some neighbor's house, opened for the occasion, there is a table well spread with pork and beans, good bread, and strong tea for the noonday meal. It is rarely or never the custom to offer ale or liquor on these occasions. The expense would be too great for most settlers, in the first place, and, in the second, the men meet for hard and serious work.

Yet the life of these people is not dull or uninteresting, neither is there any element of deprivation about it. It is simple, but thoroughly enjoyable to those who have a taste for grappling with the wilderness. The native Canadians are not exclusive, and they nearly always sit at the same table with their servants and laborers. They eat meat twice and many of them thrice a day, the number of times being a matter of taste rather than economy. There being a great abundance of fruit, scarcely a cleared farm is without an orchard, the produce of which is consumed fresh in summer, and in the shape of sweetmeats in winter. Milk is very abundant even in the houses of recent settlers, for though there may be little pasture, "browse," or the tops of tree branches, takes the place of hay. One writer in speaking of these people says: "There is, perhaps, no class in the world who live better—I mean who have a greater abundance of the comforts of life—than men having cleared farms, and who know how to make a proper use of them, in Upper Canada. The imports of the country show that they dress not only well, but in many things expensively. You go into a church or a meeting-house in any part of the province which has been settled for fifteen or twenty years, and you are struck at once with the fabrics as well as the style of the dresses worn by both sexes, but especially by the young. The same shawls and bonnets and gowns which you see in cities are worn by the women, while the coats of the men are undistinguishable from those worn by professional men and merchants in towns. A circumstance which I witnessed some years ago in travelling from Simcoe to Brantford—two towns in the interior of the province—will serve to convey an idea of the taste as well as the means of enjoyment of these people. At an ordinary meeting-house, in the centre of a rural settlement, and ten miles from a village or town, there were twenty-three pleasure-carriages, double and single, standing in waiting. The occasion was a quarterly meeting, and these were the conveyances of the farmers that came to attend it. Yet twenty years before, and this was a wilderness; twenty years before, and many of these people were working as laborers, and were not possessed of a pair of oxen; twenty years before, and these things exceeded even their brightest dreams of prosperity."

Altogether Canada offers a fair field to the emigrant. According to calculations, between two and three hundred dollars will carry a man with a small family comfortably through his first winter and spring, the time of his chief difficulties. As for a young man, if he have a good constitution and a taste for "roughing it," he need not hesitate to start for the bush without any money whatever. He can get work enough on the first day to pay for his food. In the growing towns he can always earn some spare money, and there are generally opportunities to assist some settler in clearing a plot, who will return the favor in kind. After five years' occupation of his own hundred acres, he becomes their proprietor, and receives a patent establishing his right, which enables him to sell. In both the Canadian provinces the government is busily engaged in surveying and building new roads, and railway companies are finding it to their interest to run lines into the new country. In this way the land is made more valuable, the older settlers find their wealth increasing, and Canada becomes justified in its graceful cognomen, which comes from the Indian word *Kanata*, and signifies, when freely translated, a "land of homes."

TURKISH WIVES.

First among Turkish social topics is that of the harem. The Koran allows a Mussulman to have four wives; and many persons have consequently imagined that polygamy is the rule in Turkey, whereas it is the exception. A Mussulman may only have as many wives as he can keep in comfort; and it is only the very rich who can afford to keep four. The middle-class Turks have only one wife apiece; the men of the lowest class are often obliged to remain single from not having the means to support a consort in the style which the Moslem law enjoins. Nothing can be more un-Turkish than the Mormon idea of accumulating a number of women to live under one roof, quarrelling in the kitchen and parlor, and acting as household drudges for their husband. The Turkish wife is not a slave; the chief fault to find with her is that she has too lofty a sense of her own dignity. An advocate of female rights would have some difficulty in persuading her that her lot was pitiable: she has never envied the emancipation of Christian women, whose free ways shock her; while she has noticed that they get much less respect from the men of their faith than that which is invariably vouchsafed to herself. She veils her face with no more regret than a Western lady unveils her shoulders. Turkish women are not shut up. They go out when they please, attended by their odaliks if rich, or holding their children by the hand; and their magpie voices fill the bazars, for they are noisy talkers. Wherever they pass, men of all creeds stand aside deferentially. If a husband meets his wife in the street, he makes no sign of recognition; if he perceives her halting before a draper's stall and gazing significantly at silks dearer than he can afford, he must possess his soul in resignation, muttering "Mashallah." This respect for women prevails also in the home circle, and it comes naturally to the Mussulman, who has been taught from his boyhood to behave courteously to the softer sex. The Western conjugal expression about "wearing the breeches" has its Turkish counterpart in the phrase to "live under the slipper;" and it is to be feared that not a few Turks know the taste of this implement of uxorial persuasion. A hamal (street porter) once came before a cadi to complain that his wife trounced him too frequently. "See what mine does," answered the magistrate, opening his gown and showing some weals on his neck and shoulders. "Go thy way, my son, and thank Allah thou art luckier than I."

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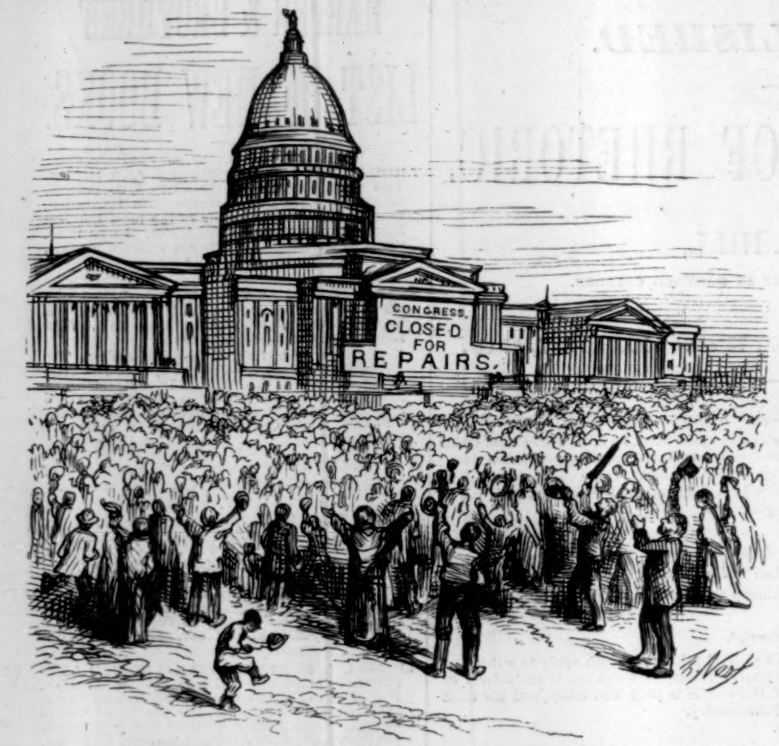

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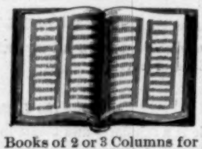

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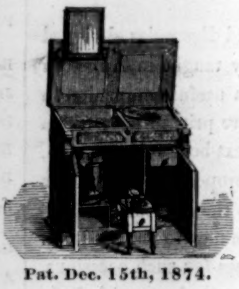

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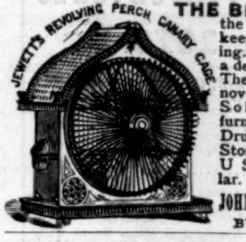
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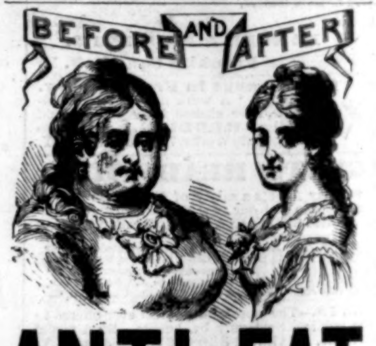

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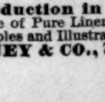

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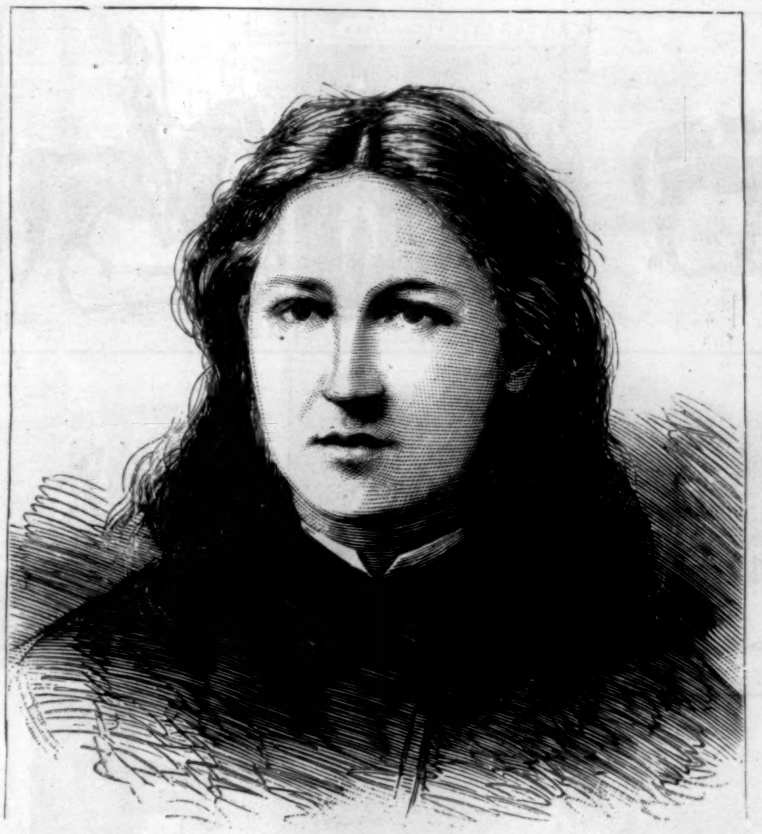
VERA ZASSULITCH.

This young lady, whose recent trial and acquittal for attempted assassination at St. Petersburg has attracted so much interest throughout Europe, is the daughter of a Russian officer, and is about eight-and-twenty years of age. For the past eleven years, however, she has endured continual and apparently unaccountable persecution at the hands of the police, and it is to the sympathy universally evoked by the account of her sufferings that she mainly owes her acquittal from the crime of which she was guilty, and that the great popular enthusiasm with which the verdict has been received in Russia is due. At the age of seventeen, while trying to support herself as a bookbinder at St. Petersburg, she was arrested, owing to being the great school friend of a young lady named Netchaieff, whose brother had just been implicated in some conspiracy at Moscow. According to some accounts, Vera Zassulitch acted as a species of go-between and letter-carrier, but this is not confirmed; and, be her offense what it might, she was closely imprisoned for two years, without the slightest shadow of a trial. A few days after her release, moreover, she was again arrested, for no ostensible reason, and carried off this time to Eastern Russia, and might have perished with cold on the journey had not a kind gendarme lent her his cloak. She remained at Krestsi, in the province of Novgorod, under police supervision, for two more years, and in 1871 was allowed to go to Tver to live with a brother-in-law, also a political exile. The latter, however, getting into trouble, owing to the dissemination of prohibited books, Vera Zassulitch was once more arrested, and brought to St. Petersburg. In 1873 she was transferred to Kharkoff, and in 1875 was at last liberated.

From that time she appears to have lived in retirement until last July, when her feelings were excited by the details of the cruel treatment of a political prisoner named Bogoluboff, who had been flogged by order of General Trepoff, the Prefect of Police at St. Petersburg, for some act of insubordination, but mainly because he had neglected to take off his cap on meeting that official for a second time in the prison precincts. As Vera Zassulitch well knew the hardships of prison life and the tyranny of the officials, this story made an intense impression on her mind, and, after waiting some time to see if any official notice would be taken of the affair, she determined to take the matter in hand herself, and, in her own words, "at the price of my own ruin to draw public attention to the affair, and prove that a human being may not be insulted in that way with impunity. It is a terrible thing to raise one's hand against a fellow-creature, but I could find no other means......It was all the same to me whether I killed or wounded the Prefect, and when I fired at him I did not aim at any particular place." To be brief, Vera Zassulitch sought an interview with General Trepoff in his reception-room, and then and there shot him in the side with a revolver. For this she was brought to trial early in the month, the jury before whom she appeared being half composed of government officials, the remainder being formed of persons in good position. The result was a verdict of "Not guilty"—a decision greeted with tremendous enthusiasm by an audience composed of some six hundred persons, the applause being taken up by the crowd outside. On her appearance a perfect tumult ensued, and numerous arrests were made by the police, several of the rioters being shot. The verdict has since been set aside, and a new trial ordered to take place in a town remote from St. Petersburg; but she has not been re-arrested.



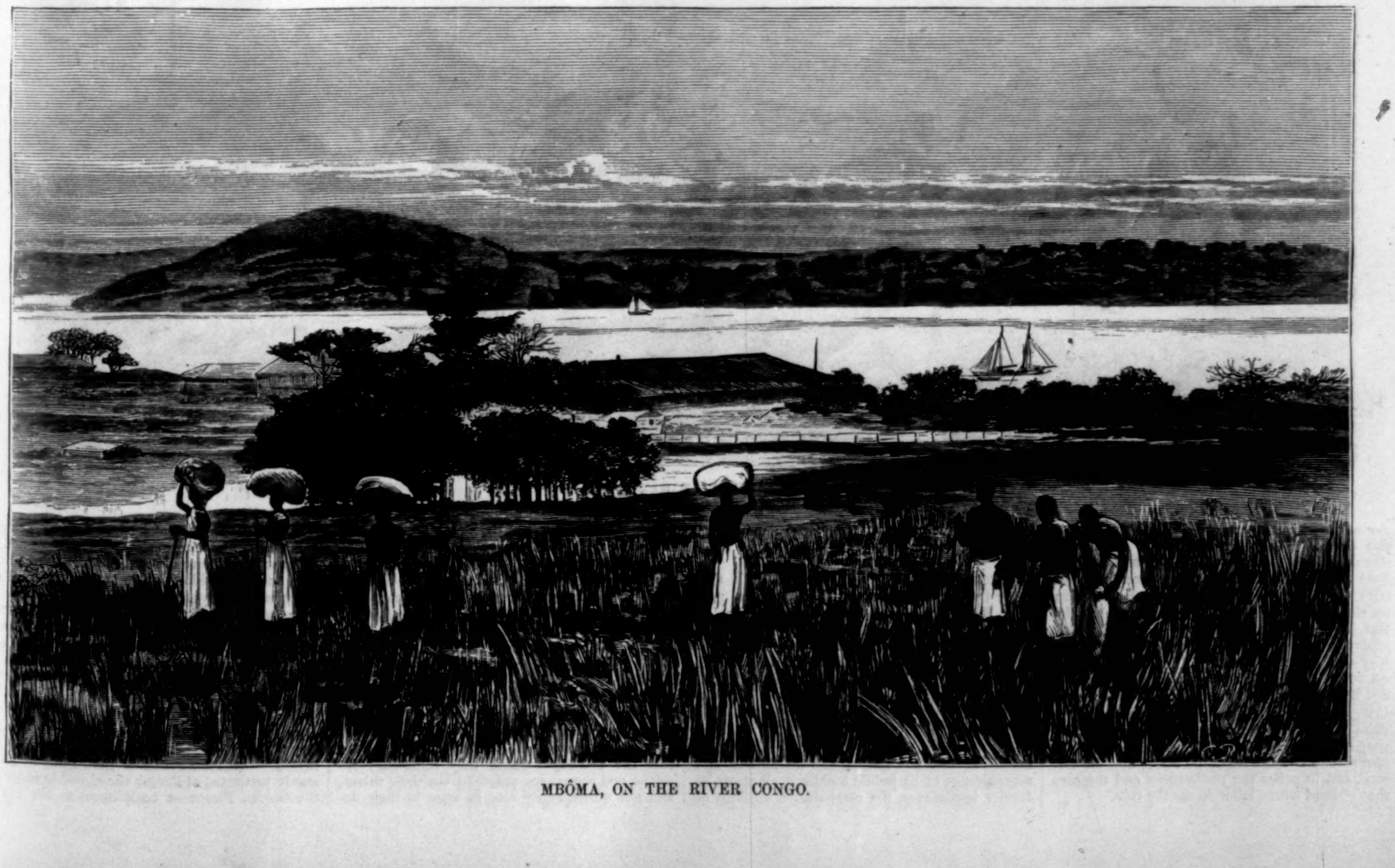
VERA ZASSULITCH.

This trial has excited considerable alarm in official circles in Russia, as the general enthusiasm which has hailed the verdict plainly manifests a popular sympathy with the Nihilist and other revolutionary societies for whose cause Vera Zassulitch has suffered. Moreover, corporal punishment is now abhorred most intensely in Russia. We hear of school-boys committing suicide on account of a flogging, and the treatment of Bogoluboff has provoked the remark from the St. Petersburgians themselves that there are "Bashi-Bazouks nearer home than Bulgaria."

MBÔMA, ON THE CONGO.

Mbôma, which by the traders is called Boma, and by the officers of the British navy, Embomma, is situated about seventy miles from the mouth of the river Congo, which Mr. Stanley's magnificent journey has brought so prominently before the eyes of the world. The view represents a trading factory, and the river in the distance. At this point it is immensely wide, but an island in the centre makes it look smaller by dividing it into two streams.

Mbôma in time past was a great slave mart, and under the fine old market tree (a baobab) many a cargo has been bought. To-day the trade is confined to more legitimate produce, although unfortunately during the past few years it has been sufficiently bad to make not a few old traders express a sneaking regret for the days when money was made on a livelier commodity. The nefarious traffic in human flesh has, however, gone forever; and although it still exists among the natives themselves, it exists only in the milder form of domestic slavery. The place contains eight factories, trading under the English, Dutch, and Portuguese flags.



MBÔMA, ON THE RIVER CONGO.

AN ITALIAN WATERING-PLACE.

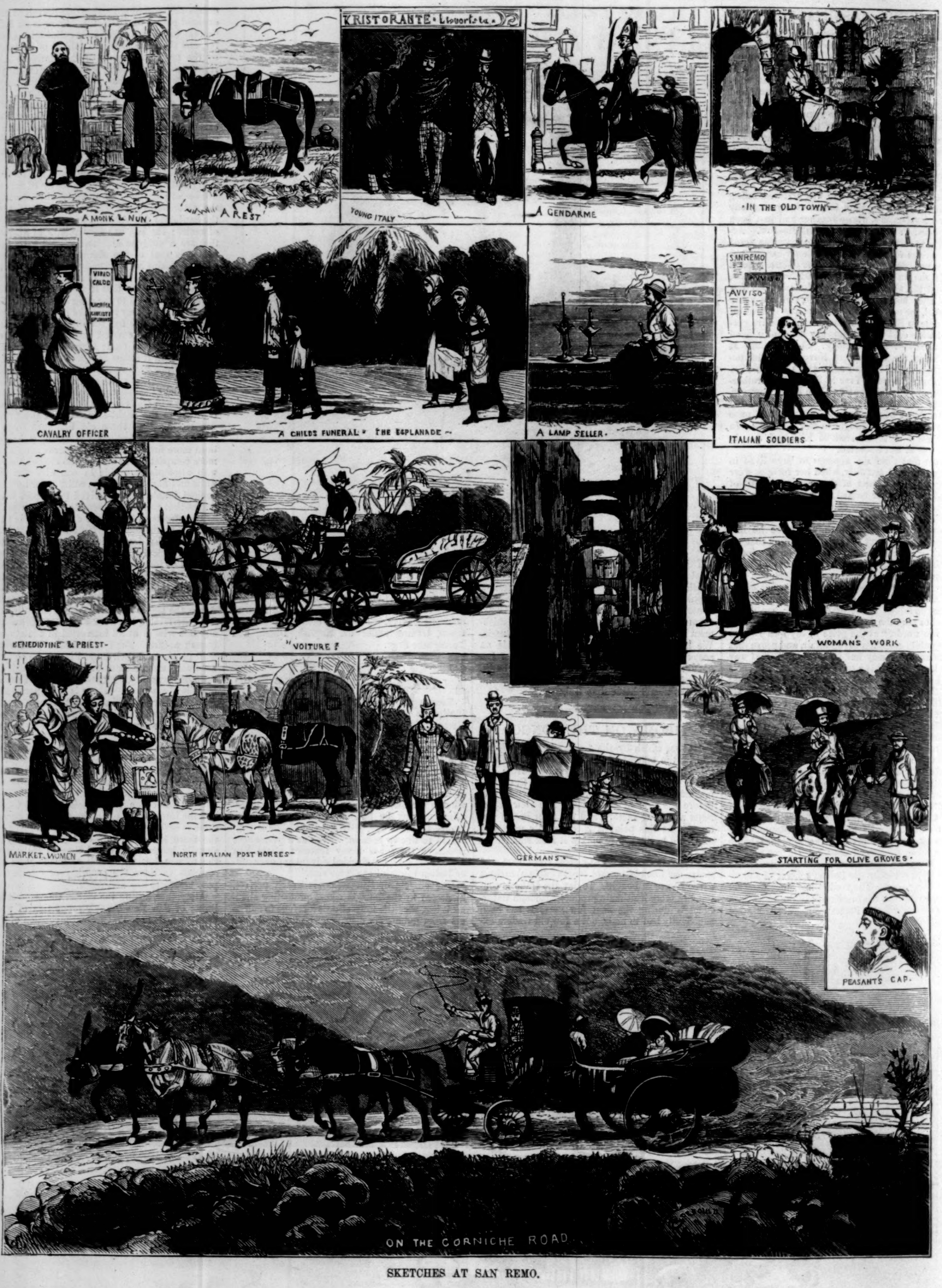
Travellers who visit Northern Italy lose much if they do not take at least a flying trip to San Remo. Situated upon the Mediterranean shore, about twenty-seven miles from Nice and fifteen from Mentone, this charming little watering-place, while not pretending to vie with either of the former towns in size and importance, nevertheless offers sufficient variety to make it attractive to tourists. It possesses several fine hotels, and, what is a consideration to many, excellent entertainment may be had for the sum of ten or twelve francs a day, provided the visitor is contented to live *en pension*. Even as a permanent residence there are many features about San Remo that give it a decided advantage over other Italian towns of the same size.

The climate of San Remo is nearly perfect. Sheltered by the hills, in whose protecting shadow it lies, the little town affords a refuge to sufferers from pulmonary diseases, who flee thither to escape the searching breezes that prevail at more exposed points on the coast. Snow is an infliction the inhabitants are rarely called upon to suffer, and the cold *mistral* is robbed of its terrors by the projecting spurs of the Maritime Alps. Hardly a day occurs in which the weather prevents the visitor from roaming at will through the curious streets of the ancient town. San Remo is so old that its origin is veiled in obscurity. Indeed, of its early history we know little, except that in 1170 it was self-governed, and its rulers made an alliance with the Genoese against the Pisans. Subsequently one of its bishops sold it to Genoa.

Like all Italian towns, San Remo has its beautiful buildings and its own allowance of rare and wonderful paintings. Among its church edifices the cathedral, the Santuario della Guardia, and the Santuario dell' Assunta are especially worthy of notice; the last has four pillars of alabaster that are a study in architectural art. Its finest palace is that of the Marquis Borrea d'Olmo, which contains an unusually valuable collection of pictures. The houses of San Remo are many of them so ancient that it seems a wonder they have not crumbled to the ground long ago. Battered and grim, they stand like sentinels of a past age that some one has forgotten to relieve from duty. Time has covered them with mould, and partial decay has made them lean one against another, until it seems as if a slight shock might plunge whole groups of them into ruin. Yet so strong is the work done by those old builders who modelled the strange dwellings of San Remo, that they will stand for many a year an enduring contrast to the slight structures of the present generation. Had these old buildings been intended for fortifications, the masonry had not been more firm, or arch and buttress broader and more compact. The visitor who studies them, or who attempts to reside in one with the thick walls and narrow windows, will wonder how their ancient inhabitants contrived to support life in homes that so closely resemble a modern prison.

The streets of San Remo are a study in themselves. In the older parts of the town it seems wonderful that human ingenuity or carelessness could have devised thoroughfares at once so narrow and so tortuous. Occasionally they will dive straight through a house, or turn a corner at such an angle that the visitor is convinced he must be returning to the point from which he started. Again, the sights and scenes are sufficiently novel and entertaining to afford endless amusement to any one who is at all interested in the study of human nature. The San Remesi are an out-of-door people, and their home life can be observed accurately upon their sidewalks and through their open doorways. One feature of it is the position occupied by women. There is no department of manual labor which they do not undertake. If a householder wishes his furniture removed, two or three stout women will offer their services, and handle book-cases and pianos with a dexterity rarely shown by men. Again, it is not unusual to see a funeral cortége passing through the streets, the coffin, provided it is that of a child, carried by women. As for the men, the manner in which they dispose of their time is easily explained. Between the consumption of tobacco and the interchange of opinions at street corners, there is little leisure left for the performance of the more laborious duties of existence. Occasionally, however, they find time to superintend the women, but no stretch of imagination ever suggests to them the propriety of offering the poor creatures any assistance.

Altogether, among the eleven thousand inhabitants of San Remo, a fair proportion of which are males, there is that true appreciation of *dolce*



SKETCHES AT SAN REMO.

far niente which can not be found in its perfection elsewhere than in sunny Italy. The calm serenity of its cloudless skies, the soft breezes from the Mediterranean, and the breath of the olive and the palm that grow in such profusion on the hill slopes behind the town, all lull the traveller into that restful frame of mind which leads him to inquire with the "Lotos-Eaters," "Ah, why should life all labor be?" The San Remesi do not toil, only the women, who, after all, can not be included among "the roof and crown of things." Surely it is better to sit under a big palm and sip the juice of the orange and the grape, or to stroll upon the esplanade of San Remo, than to live among the bustle and the turmoil, and to suffer the restlessness and the care that abound where labor forms the rule.

THE "HOLY BLOOD" AT BRUGES.

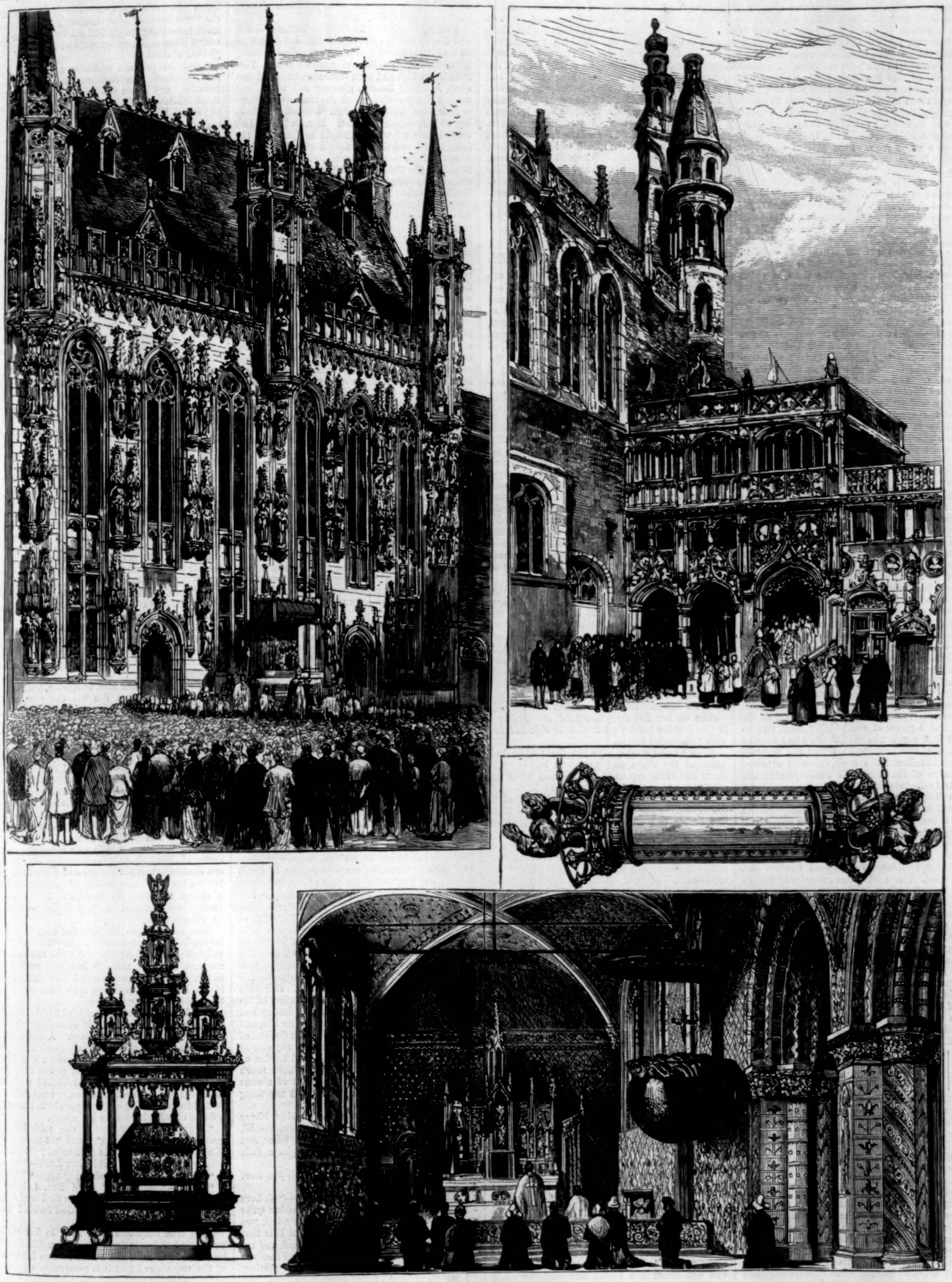
There are few cities of the Old World that carry the traveller further back into the past than Bruges, the capital of West Flanders, in Belgium. Upon its walls might the word "Ichabod" be justly written, so completely has its ancient glory departed. As Wordsworth says:

> "In Bruges town is many a street
> Whence busy life hath fled,
> Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
> The grass-grown pavement tread."

While the great circumference of the city, its numerous squares and streets, and the number and magnificence of its public buildings, all attest its former importance, the comparative absence of commercial activity, and the vague air of desolation, bear witness to its present insignificance.

The history of Bruges dates from about the third century of the Christian era. In the seventh it had assumed considerable importance, and its corporation of weavers, which in its best days numbered 50,000 men, was already renowned in the time of Charlemagne. In the ninth century Bruges became subject to the Counts of Flanders, who resided there, and by the great advantages and immunities which they offered to merchants and manufacturers made the city one of the most populous and wealthy in Europe. The inhabitants guarded with the most jealous care the privileges which they sometimes received and sometimes exacted from their rulers, and not unfrequently rose in arms in their defense. Yet at the same time, though Bruges and Ghent and other Flemish towns owned a common lord, there was no community of interests, and they seldom let an opportunity pass of doing each other as much harm as possible.

In the middle of the fourteenth century Bruges passed by marriage into the hands of the Dukes of Burgundy, under whom it reached the highest point of its prosperity. So great was the magnificence of the Flemish court that no European monarch could equal or approach it. When the wife of Philip the Fair of France visited Bruges, she is said to have exclaimed: "There are hundreds here who have more the air of queens than myself." In 1430 Philip le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, instituted at Bruges the chivalric order of the Golden Fleece—a compliment to the town,



THE PROCESSION OF THE "HOLY BLOOD" AT BRUGES.

whose prosperity had grown out of its woolen manufactures. Not the least important of these was that of tapestry, in which the people of Bruges had acquired great skill before the looms of Beauvais or the Gobelins were set up. The commercial interests of the city were also extensive. In the fifteenth century Bruges was the chief emporium of the Hanseatic League, and merchants from every part of the world found in the Flemish city a ready market for their goods. The argosies of Venice and Genoa came laden with the produce of the East, ships of all nations floated in the harbor, and the warehouses were filled with the costliest importations. Finally the extravagance of the city became so great that Charles V. took measures to suppress it by means of severe sumptuary laws.

The decline of Bruges began at the time that it passed under the dominion of the House of Hapsburg. For a violation of some of their prerogatives the inhabitants in 1488 imprisoned the Archduke Maximilian. For this outrage a terrible punishment was inflicted upon the town. Apparently its ruin had been decreed, for one act of vengeance followed another in quick succession. Not the least of its disasters was the transference of its trade to Antwerp. Ultimately its power and importance were completely broken by the religious persecutions instituted by the bloody Duke of Alva at the end of the sixteenth century. Such of the inhabitants as escaped with their lives fled to England, and introduced into that country the arts and manufactures which they and their ancestors had cultivated with success for generations. Within the last two centuries Bruges has frequently suffered from the effects of war. In 1704 it was besieged by the Dutch. Subsequently it was twice conquered by the French.

At the present day the great attraction of Bruges is its architecture, the sole relic of its ancient prosperity which time has had no power to destroy. Among the many beautiful buildings which ornament the old city, one of the most interesting is the Hôtel de Ville, a singularly graceful and beautiful Gothic building, with long transomed windows and lofty turrets, canopied niches, richly traceried parapets, and delicately fringed crestings—a lasting monument to its architect, Peter van Oost, who completed this exquisite work in the year 1398. Forming a kind of wing or combination to this building is the far more singular though less beautiful one called the Chapel of St. Basil, or of the "Holy Blood"—a building which forms one of the most remarkable architectural puzzles of the Middle Ages. It is in plan a long parallelogram, with an apsidal projection to the south, and consists of two large chapels, one above the other; the lower is entered from the great square or "place" of the Hôtel de Ville, and is internally of the rudest and most barbarous-looking architecture. Its massive and ponderous vaultings are supported upon two rows of sturdy pillars unadorned with mouldings or carving. Opening from this lower chapel to the south is a very ancient crypt, which is said to have formed the baptistery, and to have been erected by Baldwin Bras-de-Fer in the year 865. It is evidently